

Collier's

THE NATION



Ennui

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VOL XXXVII NO 16

JULY 14 1906

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JULY FICTION NUMBER

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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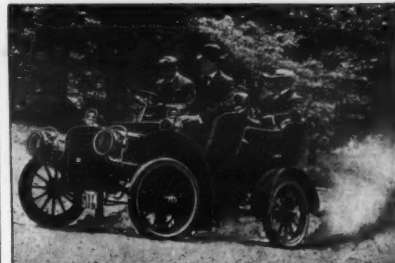
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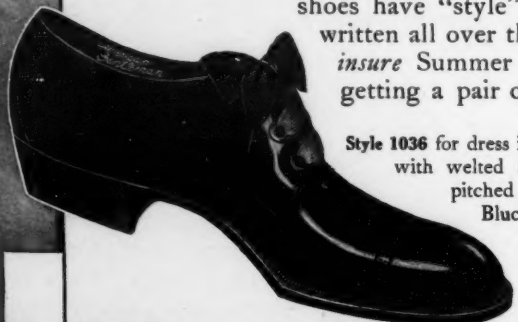
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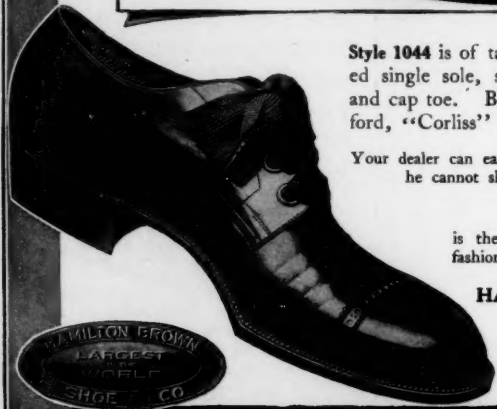
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Two-Horn

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Phonograph
On Trial

Direct from our Factory
to your own Home



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the DEALER'S
70% PROFIT

Each horn is 30 inches long with
a 17 inch bell

An Entirely New Principle in Phonographs

—Two vibrating diaphragms to reproduce the sound.
—Two horns to amplify and multiply all the sound from both sides of both diaphragms.
—No tension spring and no swing arm to cause harsh, discordant, mechanical sounds.
Consequently, the Duplex produces a sweeter tone and greater volume of music than any other phonograph and is absolutely free from all metallic sounds.

Size of
cabinet, 18
inches by 14
by 10 inches high

Double Volume of Sound

HERE is the explanation of the Duplex principle: When you hit a tin pan with a stick, which side of the tin pan gives forth the noise? Why, both sides, of course.

If you collect the waves from one side of the vibrating pan, you get only half the noise. That's plain, isn't it?

Well, the same thing holds true of the diaphragm of a phonograph.

In every talking machine made heretofore, one-half of the sound waves were wasted. You got just one-half the sound that the diaphragm made—the rest was lost.

The Duplex is the first and the only phonograph to collect the vibrations and get all the sound from both sides of the diaphragm.

Because the reproducer or sound box of the Duplex has two vibrating diaphragms and two horns (as you see) to amplify the sound from both sides of both diaphragms.

The Duplex, therefore, gives you all the music produced—with any other you lose one-half.

Compare the volume of sound produced by it with the volume of any other—no matter what its price—and hear for yourself.

Purer, Sweeter Tone

BUT that is not all, by any means. For the Duplex Phonograph not only produces more music—a greater volume—but the tone is clearer, sweeter, purer and more nearly like the original than is produced by any other mechanical means.

By using two diaphragms in the Duplex we are able to dispense entirely with all springs in the reproducer.

The tension spring used in the old style reproducers to jerk the diaphragm back into position each time it vibrates, by its jerking pull roughens the fine wave groove in the record, and that causes the squeaking, squawking, harsh, metallic sound that sets your teeth on edge when you hear the old style phonograph.

In the Duplex the wave grooves of the record remain perfectly smooth—there is nothing to roughen them—and the result is an exact reproduction of the original sound.

As a special guarantee against the presence of harshness resulting from vibration, the points of contact between the horns and reproducer are protected by rubber—an exclusive feature of the Duplex Phonograph.

Direct From the Factory

WE ask the privilege of proving to you that the Duplex gives a double volume of music, of purer, sweeter tone than any other phonograph made.

We want to prove it at our expense. We ask you to let us send you one at our expense—under an arrangement mutually satisfactory—for use in your home one week.

Invite your neighbors and musical friends to hear it, and if they do not pronounce it better—in volume and in tone—than the best old style phonograph, return it at once at our expense. That's a fair offer, but it isn't all.

We save you in the price exactly \$70.15—because we save you all the jobbers', middlemen's and dealers' profits. We sell it to you at actual factory price.

Sold through dealers the Duplex would cost you at least \$100—and it would be a bargain at that. Bought direct from our factory it costs you (one profit added) only

\$29.85

And you get a seven days' trial in your own home—and are under no obligation to keep it if you are not satisfied. You run no risk, for this advertisement could not appear in this periodical if we did not carry out our promise.

Music in Your Home

THINK what a Duplex Phonograph will mean to you! The variety of entertainment you can command at trifling expense is practically unlimited.

You can enjoy a delightful selection of songs, poems, piano, banjo, guitar, or violin music, short stories, anecdotes or dialect pieces, all reproduced by the marvelous two horned Duplex with the faultless fidelity of an instantaneous photograph.

You can bring to your family and friends, in all their original beauty, the priceless gems of musical art, the classic performances of famous Artists like Paderewski, D'Albert, Raoul Pugno, and Jan Kubelik.

Or, you can listen, entranced, to the magic notes of melody fresh from the throat of a Patti, Melba, or Calve, and the great dramatic tenors, Caruso and Tamagno.

And, best of all, you can hear once more, the voice of dear old Joe Jefferson as, with matchless pathos, he delivers the lines of Rip Van Winkle so familiar to a former generation.

For just before his death, this greatest and best loved of American actors left a perfect record, which, reproduced by the Duplex Phonograph, will preserve his living tones for the admiration and delight of thousands yet unborn.

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MoToR

1789 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



"HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE THE ICE MAN?"

IF TOLEDO—INDIANAPOLIS—PHILADELPHIA CAN DO IT, WHY NOT THE OTHER CITIES?

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

Thomas Holme Branch.



IN AMERICAN LIBRARIES the Russian authorities are reported to have discovered hotbeds of crime. That spies from the Czar's secret service should lurk in the libraries of New York, watching and marking all who ask for books on topics in any way connected with revolution, seems to American thought much too melodramatic to be credible. But, whether this particular story be accurate or not, it is sufficiently characteristic of what Russia does at home to call attention to the folly of the attempts

FEAR OF KNOWLEDGE

of arbitrary governments to stem advancing thought. One of the most desperate and hard-working functions of the Russian Government is that which struggles to prevent the people from obtaining light. We do not wonder that intelligent and respectable Socialists all over the country object to being confused in the public mind with a struggle like that in Russia, between bomb-throwing on the one side and the most stupid despotism on the other. Russia relates bombs and knowledge, and deems one parent to the other, and our public to a large extent identifies Socialism and Anarchy, which contradict each other flatly.

AN INTELLIGENT SOCIALIST, Mr. ABRAHAM CAHAN, a man of judgment, culture, and moderation, writes to us, *à propos* of Mr. BRANDENBURG's views, that Socialists are much nearer in spirit and principle to reformers like ourselves than they are to Anarchy. We have often made the same observation in these columns. What misleads our Socialist friends is the idea that we agree with Mr. BRANDENBURG, just as what misleads our capitalistic friends is the idea that we agree with Mr. JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON. It seems to be difficult for most people to understand that we may open our columns to many aspects of large controverted questions, glad to have our readers hear what can

SOCIALISM AND ANARCHY

be said from various sides, although glad also to explain in the proper place what we believe ourselves. The French Socialists won a decided victory, it seems at this distance, in the debate between JAURÈS and CLEMENCEAU, and in the struggle of which the debate was an expression. The minister admitted that his program included a new income-tax law, taxing especially large incomes and more especially still incomes from invested capital. Many such radical steps have the approval of liberal-minded Americans who are entirely unattracted by Socialism as a panacea. Any careful reader of our columns must be aware that, while rejecting Socialism in its theoretical completeness, we in no way fear it but deem it the harbinger of needed changes. To confuse it with Anarchy has certainly never seemed to us intelligent.

TOLEDO, SO FAR AS WE CAN recollect at this moment, is the first city to succeed in actually putting some of the "big men" in jail. Other communities are still struggling with the tangled mesh of appeal which makes the law's delay; or have compromised on the ineffectual punishment of a fine, easy to bear for the rich criminal who "lives out of a check-book." But in Toledo the members of the Ice Trust are actually behind bolts and bars. The article, which we print in this issue, describing Toledo's experience, we count as one of the most important contributions to the very extensive literature on our present social and political unrest. It is at once a narrative of a great victory and a sermon; and as a sermon we prize it for what distinguishes it from nine-tenths of the contemporary literature on the same

WHITLOCK ON THE ICE TRUST

subject—the serene and confident optimism that breathes through every line and is epitomized in the last few words: "A free people with a free press and free officials will some day find the way out." The writer of the article is the Mayor of Toledo, BRAND WHITLOCK, the political and personal legatee of that former Mayor of Toledo who came into the focus of the world's attention because he lived his daily life and practised politics according to the Golden Rule. Mr. WHITLOCK has previously been introduced in the pages of COLLIER's by LINCOLN STEFFENS, who describes him as "the friend SAM JONES loved the best, the young lawyer to whom was intrusted the factory where business was and still is done successfully under the Golden Rule, the simply eloquent speaker who has preached, as SAM JONES preached, once a week to the 'hands' at the factory that they were men among men. BRAND WHITLOCK is as clean-handed, as clear-eyed, as pure-minded as SAM JONES, and he is as patient of other men."

"WE OF THE SOUTH," said ex-Congressman FLEMING of Georgia, in a university address in June, "can not afford to sacrifice our ideals of justice, of law, and of religion, for the purpose of preventing the negro from elevating himself." If the Southern whites wish to preserve the wide gap between the races, it should be, in this Southerner's opinion, by lifting up themselves, not by holding down the blacks. If the negro is to fall by the wayside, "let him fall by his own inferiority, and not by our tyranny." He objects to negro disfranchisement when it applies to negroes only, and not to equally ignorant whites, and trusts that Georgia will not follow the example of

A SPEECH IN GEORGIA

some sister communities. With exhilarating State pride, he rejoices in the beliefs that Georgia first redeemed herself after reconstruction, has kept abreast of her sister States in material, intellectual, and moral progress, and has remained the Empire State of the South, without resorting to any methods of dishonor. "No power on earth," he declares, referring to the chicanery indulged in in several States, "could have made Mr. CALHOUN stoop to such chicanery—he was fashioned in a nobler mold." What a contrast in tone is this to a recent observation by a sheriff in another State, who said that he would protect a negro from lynching, "so far as I can without injuring any white man in doing so." Do the people of his town in Maryland approve this frank sentiment and do they think that sheriff worthy of his place?

IN "THE IMPROVEMENT ERA" is to be found a statement which reminds us of at least two subjects of contemporaneous agitation. The "Era" is the official organ of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, an institution in the Mormon Church which seems to correspond to the Y. M. C. A. The paper is published at Salt Lake City, and one of the editors is JOSEPH F. SMITH, president of the Church. The "Era," to judge from the rather emotional character of its contents, is intended to inspire and touch with sectarian zeal the young men of the Church. One editorial feature consists of laudatory obituaries of distinguished Mormons recently gone before. "On Tuesday night," says the "Era," "Elder MARRINER W. MERRILL, one of the Twelve Apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, laid down the burdens of this life and passed to his reward among the faithful." Elder MERRILL was evidently a man of substance in his church and in his community. He had been twice in the Utah Legislature, served as Postmaster twenty years, and as member of the County Court ten years; in the Church he held one high office or another for practically his whole lifetime. He was "a wise counselor, full of zeal, of a sympathetic and generous nature, indomitable will, and splendid ability in discipline." He was "a worker from the beginning," and was "true to his testimony to the end." Finally, "his family is one of the largest in the Church; his children number forty-five, only five of whom are dead." One can't help wondering what odd twist of Mormon editorial celebration it is—whether delicacy, discretion, or something else—that omits, in a biography otherwise so complete and elaborate, any intimation whatever as to just how many wives Elder MERRILL had acquired. It is to be assumed that he had several, who must have been more or less simultaneous. On the other hand, we specifically repudiate any intention of intimating that Elder MERRILL, in living up to the Mormon doctrine that "the larger the progeny a man has, the greater will be the fulness of his eternal glory," violated the manifesto of 1890 to "refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land." When MARK TWAIN was in Utah, a scoffing Gentile named JOHNSON told him that BRIGHAM YOUNG had fifty children, and the incredulous MARK says (in "Roughing It") "some instinct or other made me set this JOHNSON down as being unreliable." Nevertheless, it must now be believed, on official information, that one distinguished Mormon had within five of the number of children MARK regarded as incredible.

RACE SUICIDE AND REED SMOOT

THE POSTPONEMENT IN IDAHO of the trial of MOYER and HAYWOOD will probably result in good. The interest on both sides is not likely to diminish, but the continuing discussion will lead more citizens of the State to realize the true duty of a jury. One phrase of ours, in referring to the Government report on the Colorado troubles, was so slovenly as naturally to give the impres-



sion that the STEUNENBERG murder was included in that report, which, of course, it was not. The importance of the report, as far as the present trial is concerned, is in the light it throws on the methods of mine-owners, members of the Federation, and detectives in the long and violent warfare of which this trial is but the last of many which have been begun. Distinguishing between the situations, a very intelligent lawyer of Idaho writes to us: "The crimes in the two States are related, but the prosecutions, I believe, are not. In Colorado the machinery of the law

THE TRIAL IN IDAHO

was more or less controlled by the Mine Owners' Association. I am not yet prepared to believe that this is true of Idaho." In this cheerful view we sincerely trust our correspondent may be right, as he assuredly is when he adds that "the relations of these matters to each other will, however, doubtless become clearer as the case develops." The postponement until autumn is involved in legal technicalities which it would be folly for us to discuss, and in mutual recriminations, but we are inclined to believe that the trial will ultimately be more satisfactory for the thinking-time which will now elapse.

THE IMPORTANT CASE pending in St. Louis, to determine what rights lie against newspapers publishing objectionable medical advertising, is now set for July 14. It came up in the Court of Criminal Correction on June 15, and was continued by consent. Although one obscure newspaper was agreed upon as the goat, the real defendants are all the leading papers in St. Louis, and the case is therefore one of such wide importance that we shall mention its essential developments until its final disposition. The first step was a fine in the Police Court and an appeal to the Court of Criminal Correction. If the Medical Society wins, the precedent is likely to have an immediate influence in other States and cities.

QUACKS IN COURT

POPE PIUS X is quoted as expressing in private conversation the belief that "women ought not in any case to mix themselves in public affairs." In this country at least women's opinion counts for more under the new system of politics than under the old, since the new system pays more attention to matters of immediate daily concern. It is not, by the majority of American men or women, believed that women as a rule bring the best out of themselves by becoming part of the actual political machinery,

POLITICS FOR WOMEN

which may well be what the Pope meant; but as political thought comes to deal more with such questions as health; preservation of peace, social ideals, education, public rights in such necessities as heat and light; comfortable means of getting about; beauty, air, and cleanness in towns; ordinary honesty in the conduct of the public's business—as such real politics increase, the share of women increases by necessity. Their share in creating the moral atmosphere that made all the recent big reforms a possibility was not the less for being exercised as citizens, not as politicians.

BOSTON HAS AN ASSOCIATION of newsboys which has begun to establish a fund for educating at Harvard one or more among them, and has raised already \$2,000 toward the necessary amount. This lively association has already been addressed by President ELIOT more than once, and its latest step shows how full of high ambition these boys are. There could be, we gratefully believe, no more sterling proof of opportunity and of character in America than these self-supporting youths

NEWSBOYS

now give. In what other nation would a boy, born in poverty, earning each day his food and bed, set out cheerfully to pass the examinations of a great seat of learning, and, once in, to master to the full its manifold weapons for adding to the conquests of his life? Criticize it how we will, and should, we may well glow always for our land of the free. Now, as ever, since the pioneer's ax fought its battle with the wilderness, is it the home of Opportunity and of her daughter, Hope. Elsewhere through the country, no doubt, this effort of the Boston lads will lend an impulse to other boys, cheerful and brave, ready themselves to scale the heights of the most beetling fortresses that tower about their tiny forms.

DEAN BRIGGS OF HARVARD, who as President of Radcliffe guides youthful women also, told the girls of another college that nervous prostration came to women far less from intellectual

strain than from the duty of killing time. Time can be put to few meaner uses than the effort to fill it with excitement and with luxury. By plain and hardy breeding, by natural duties and occupation, "the Liberty of the Mind," as WILLIAM PENN observed, "is mightily preserved." The mind is thus master of itself, instead of "a Servant, indeed, a Slave, to Sensual Delicacies" and to complicated excitement, and, as usual, health of mind and body in this case are served together. KILLING TIME To those who live rightly time never need be killed, for a thousand goods compete for every day we have to spend. "Know," said Lord CHESTERFIELD, "the true value of time; snatch, seize, and enjoy every moment of it." It was the worldling speaking prose, even to the same effect as the sombre poet speaks:

"Who murders Time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal."

And it was the same reflective poet, dark but true, read rather by the thoughtful than the mass, who said that

"Time wasted is existence, used is life."

The man who thinks time needs killing is himself as good as dead.

A CERTAIN LITTLE BOOK was picked up by ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, when he was wandering disconsolately about the streets of San Francisco, convalescent, but "still somewhat of a mossy ruin." The small volume, printed in the colony which its author had established, was carried by STEVENSON all about the San Francisco byways, read in street cars and ferryboats, and formed, as he said, "in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion." There is, he declared, "not the man living—no, nor recently dead—that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words." Much, it is thought, of STEVENSON's philosophy of courage and cheerful sense can be traced to these brief records from the heart of WILLIAM PENN—these "Fruits of Solitude" gathered by a man of deeds. PENN went to jail, in 1667, for publicly professing himself a Quaker; in 1668, for his attack upon the Athanasian Creed; in 1670, for an address which was unsatisfactory to the British bureaucracy; in 1671, for favoring a Quaker meeting with his views. He disappeared to escape a warrant when the STUARTS fell, and altogether his attacks of solitude were of the strenuous variety. Experience never brought him bitterness. From LA ROCHEFOUCAULD he borrowed nothing but the form. In substance he remains the honest Quaker, bold, shrewd, and kind. To those who are puzzled about their summer reading we would say that more virtue lies in this tiny book than in a hundred average novels.

PENN'S
MAXIMS

GAMES PASS OVER the land at intervals, some regular as the seasons, others vaguely periodic like panics and the locust. Tops, baseball, and marbles may be counted upon to appear with the certainty of recurrent months, and with much the same pervasiveness from one generation to the next; but other pastimes, such as hockey, tennis, and croquet, are more sporadic in their visits. The last-named contest, exercise, and relaxation has lately been restored to a popularity which had waned. A Western university has even honored the game by making it the subject of a college tournament. Thousands, during the present summer, are deriving from it soothing occupation with no mental strain, no hazard of life or bone, and no aid from hired professionals. The casualties scheduled against croquet are few. Its unobtrusive merits are seldom trumpeted to the world. "Croquet," says an American philosopher, "is an ideal pastime for persons with jangled nerves who wish to take their athletic recreation in a leisurely, soothing, and non-profan manner." It seems to us to harbor not a single vice.

"Cards were at first for benefits designed,
Sent to amuse, not to enslave the mind."

Now, however, they do enslave the mind, as chess exhausts it, and as many sports and games of outdoor practise have their darker aspects mingled with their uses. Here, then, let us pour a libation to Croquet—a sport of young and old, innocent, simple, accessible, like playing with the cat, and, like that exercise, an escape into a world of revelry that is calm.

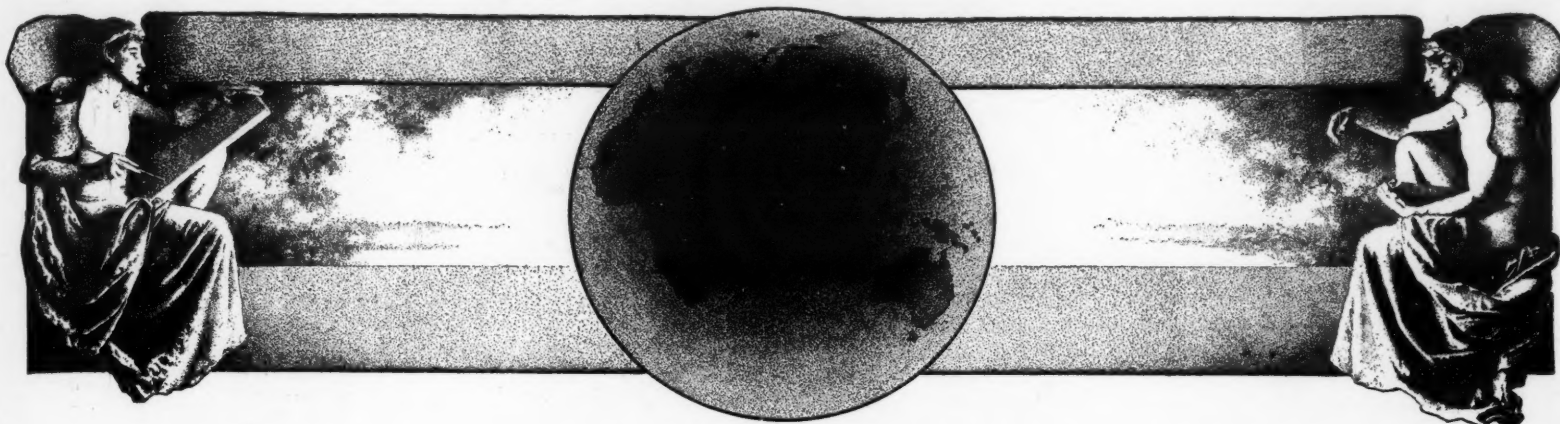


Frederic Remington

THE GREAT EXPLORERS. X—JEDEDIAH SMITH
PAINTED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

This is the last picture of the present series. It shows Smith making his way across the desert from Green River to the Spanish settlements at San Diego, which he reached successfully in 1826

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE first session of the Fifty-ninth Congress adjourned June 30. (Mr. J. Ogden Armour, returning from Europe, says that the talk about bad conditions in the Chicago packing-houses is ridiculous sensationalism. (The missionary work of the Russian revolutionists in the army is sapping the loyalty of the troops. (The Democrats of Pennsylvania, at their State Convention on June 27, accepted the Lincoln Party's candidate for Governor, thus ensuring a fusion ticket. (Attorney-General Moody has ordered suits to be brought against eighteen railroads for violating the Safety-Appliance law. (Stanford White, the architect, was shot and killed by Harry K. Thaw of Pittsburg in New York June 25. (Five dealers controlling the ice business of Toledo were sentenced on June 25 to \$5,000 fine each and a year's imprisonment

for forming a combination in restraint of trade. Criminal proceedings were brought against a number of Philadelphia icemen immediately afterward. (On the 25th Judge Ryan, of the Circuit Court at St. Louis, decided that an illegal combination could not collect a debt. (The New York Life Insurance Company has refused to furnish a list of its policy-holders to the International Policy-holders' Committee. (The Board of Superintendents of the New York schools has recommended the adoption of the list of 300 reformed spellings proposed by the Simplified Spelling Board. (The American Line steamer train from Plymouth to London was wrecked in the early morning of July 1, killing twenty-seven persons and injuring nine. (Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the veteran English temperance agitator, died July 1, in London, at the age of seventy-seven.

A CONGRESS THAT MADE HISTORY

RACING against time in the prostrating summer heat of Washington the Fifty-ninth Congress brought its memorable first session to an end late on the night of June 30. It has been a great Congress, but perhaps with the quality of those men who have greatness thrust upon them. Its best work has been done with apparent reluctance, under the spur of Presidential insistence and the lash of an imperious public opinion.

The whole session was dominated by the President's determination to have a Railroad Rate bill passed, and in the closing hours he had his way. The long debate in the Senate bore fruit in a measure vastly improved as compared with its shape when it first passed the House, and the House at last accepted the most important of the Senate amendments. As finally enacted into law the bill provides that upon complaint that a given rate is unreasonable the Interstate Commerce Commission may set it aside and fix a reasonable maximum charge, which shall take effect in not less than thirty days and shall remain in effect for not more than two years, unless revoked by the courts. The method of securing a court review is prescribed in detail. Pipe lines, express companies, sleeping car companies and private car lines are brought under control, but the attempt to exclude the owners of pipe lines from the privilege of carrying their own oil has been abandoned. Free passes are forbidden, except in a generous list of excepted cases. The well-meant attempt of the Senate to secure equal accommodations for all classes of citizens on passenger trains was resented by sensitive colored agitators, who saw in it an insidious plot to nationalize the "Jim Crow car" system. Accordingly it was dropped, and the railroads are left without any new compulsion to furnish as good accommodations to colored as to white patrons.

The Fight for Clean Meat

Late in the session interest in the Rate Bill was suddenly overshadowed by the meat sensation. The Beveridge inspection amendment passed the Senate without opposition, but in the House the packing interests rallied, under the leadership of Mr. Lorimer, the Chicago stockyards agent, and Mr. Wadsworth, of New York, and at first it seemed as if the American people would have to keep on eating meat with its eyes shut. But the

joint pressure of the President and of the public finally brought the trust to terms. The only important points upon which the House held out to the end were the requirement that the cost of inspection should be paid by the Government instead of by the trust, and that the packers should not be compelled to put dates on their cans. Mr. Wadsworth insisted that canned beef ten years old was just as good as that canned yesterday, unless something had happened to the cans. He refused to pander to the foolish whims of people who wanted their canned meat fresh, even if Dr. Wiley, the Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry in the Agricultural Department, did say that canned goods were affected by the can and other processes from the day they were put in the can, and that after two, or possibly three, years they might be deleterious to health no matter how carefully they had been sterilized in the first place. For the cost of inspection the bill as passed appropriates \$3,000,000.

"Making the Label Tell."

Closely allied with the meat inspection amendment was the Pure Food bill, which got out of the woods on the last day of the session. The excellent measure which had passed the Senate last spring had been held up in the House so long as to arouse grave suspicions of the intentions of the Cannon machine, but the Speaker finally decided to put the bill on his slate for passage. Contrary to the usual process, this bill grew better as it went through the various stages of amendment and conference, and in its final form it is an effective safeguard against the interstate traffic in adulterated and misbranded goods. It reaches the nostrum venders by requiring them to tell on the labels of their packages "the quantity or proportion of any alcohol, morphine, cocaine, heroin, alpha or beta eucaine, chloroform, cannabis indica, chloral hydrate, or acetanilide, or any derivative or preparation of any such substances contained therein." Moreover the provision, originally inserted for the benefit of the proprietors of the "bracers," allowing them to use enough alcohol to dissolve all their ingredients without mentioning it on the label, has been left out.

There are members who believe that the most important law passed by this Congress will turn out to have been the one abolishing the internal revenue tax on denatured alcohol. Coming just as

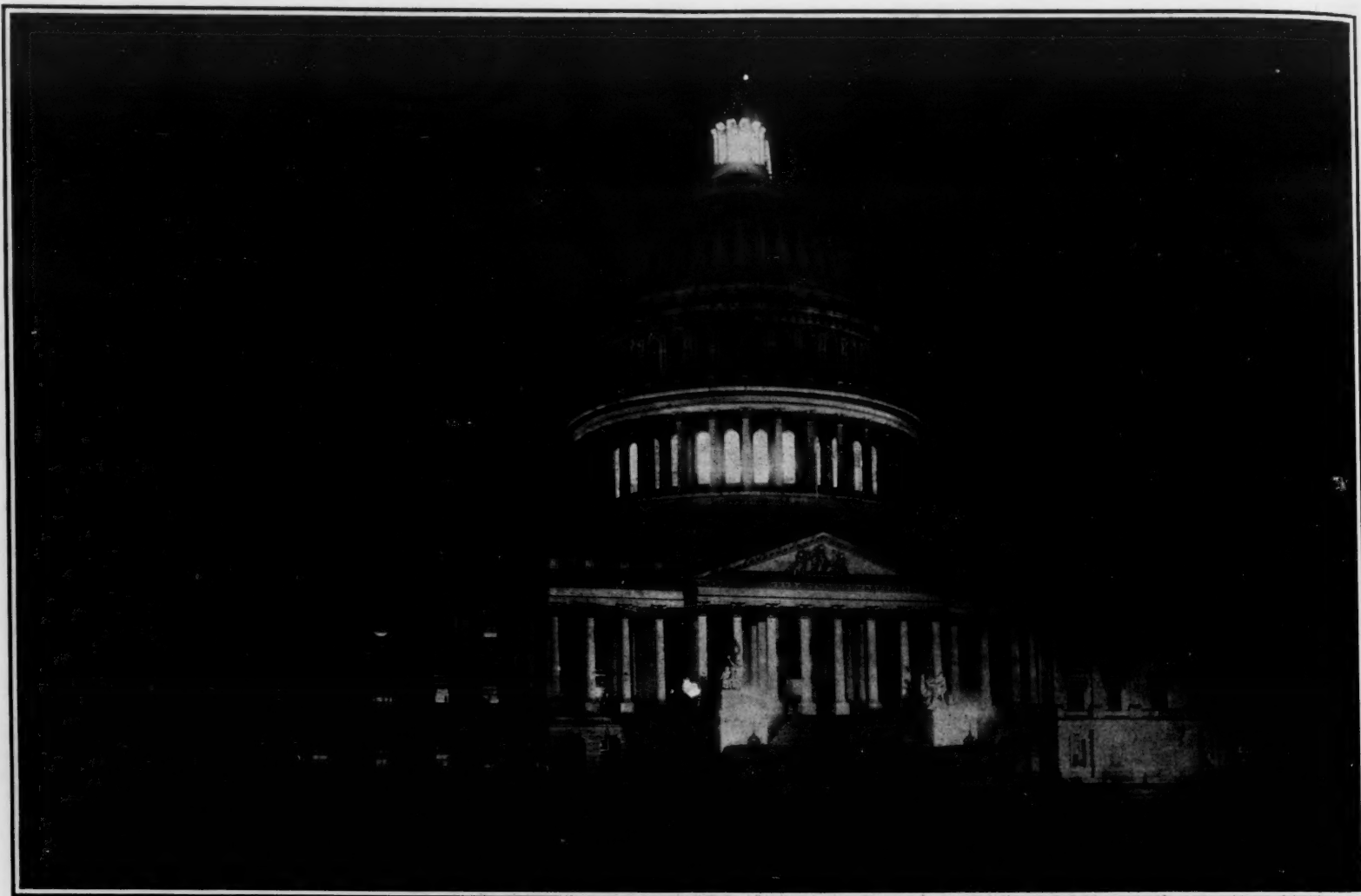
the supply of gasoline is running short, while the demand is reaching unprecedented proportions, the opening of a new and inexhaustible source of power promises to work an industrial revolution. Moreover, alcohol is a thing that can not be monopolized—it can be produced wherever a potato or a corn-stalk will grow—and since it can be used to advantage for lighting and heating as well as for power it offers a better prospect of breaking the domination of Standard Oil than could be found in the most stringent anti-trust laws. Already the manufacturers of automobiles and power boats are experimenting with alcohol engines to be ready for the market when the tax is taken off on the first of next January.

Although the attempt to restrict immigration failed, Congress put some needed safeguards around the process of gaining American citizenship. It forbade the naturalization of foreigners unable to speak English, established a bureau charged with the duty of registering a personal description of every alien entering the country, and denied the privilege of naturalization to anarchists, advisers of lawlessness, and believers in polygamy.

In the history of the Isthmian Canal this session of Congress will rank next to that in which it was decided that the Nicaragua route should be abandoned for that by Panama. The Fifty-ninth Congress has definitely settled the question of type, directing that the canal shall be built with locks carrying it to a height of eighty-five feet instead of at sea level, and it has appropriated \$42,500,000 for carrying on the work—\$16,500,000 for deficiencies and \$26,000,000 for the operations of the current fiscal year. When this is spent we shall have over \$100,000,000 sunk in the Isthmian ditch, whatever we may have to show for it. Notwithstanding the growing cost of the canal, and the impossibility of setting any limit to the ultimate outlay, Congress has decided that supplies shall not be bought in the cheapest market, but that they shall all be of domestic manufacture unless the President shall deem the prices asked exorbitant.

The Forty-Sixth Star

By the admission of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory as a new State, with a population half as great as that of all the original thirteen States at the time of the Revolution put together, a new and



THE CAPITOL IN THE LAST HOURS OF THE RECENT SESSION OF CONGRESS

A night view in the closing hours of the session of Congress. This is the first view of the Capitol under such conditions. It required an exposure of an hour and a half, with the utmost care to neutralize the cross-lights from the electric globes scattered about the grounds. The lighted lantern in the top of the dome shows that Congress is in session. In the foreground a horse slept throughout the entire exposure, and the carriage is sharply outlined. Another carriage moved after a time and appears as a transparent phantom. The steps of the Capitol were filled with people, coming and going, who made no impression on the plate

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CLINEHIST

brilliant star has been added to the flag. It is possible that another may come at the same time, since the option of accepting joint Statehood, with large material advantages, has been offered to Arizona and New Mexico.

Something has been done toward the rescue of Niagara Falls, by the limitation of the amount of water to be taken out by power companies. The bill was badly mangled in its progress through the House, but at least it formulated a policy and made a beginning on which more can be built hereafter.

A good start has been made in the needed reform of the consular service, although the act as passed is much weaker than it was when Secretary Root framed it. The liability of common carriers for injuries to their employees has been secured, but Senator La Follette's bill to prevent the accidents caused by excessive hours of labor and imperfect appliances has gone over to the next session, under an iron-clad agreement that the Senate shall vote upon it on January 10. A historical advance has been the transformation of the five civilized tribes of Indians from irresponsible wards of the nation into American citizens.

The public health has been safeguarded by the establishment of a national quarantine against yellow fever.

The neglected District of Alaska has at last secured some legislative recognition. It is to have a Delegate in the House, and the revenue from its liquor trade, a substantial matter in Alaska, is to be devoted to schools and roads.

Although Mr. Sulzer's energetic efforts to secure relief for the victims of the "General Slocum" disaster were not successful, the memory of that calamity was able to obtain some needed improvements in the steamboat inspection service.

The discreditable condition which has required the President either to pay the traveling expenses of himself and his suite or to accept illegal and improper favors from the railroads has been abolished. Hereafter there will be a fund of \$25,000 a year available for that purpose.

The legislation asked by the President to counteract the effect of the "immunity bath" decision

of Judge Humphreys has been secured. It will not be possible hereafter for a lawbreaking official of a corporation to shield himself behind the plea that he has given information to a Government investigator. There will be no immunity except to a natural person who has testified on behalf of the Government on oath, or who has furnished relevant evidence in obedience to a subpoena.

Congress has extended its protection over the antiquities on the public lands, has authorized the President to acquire sites of historic value, has accepted the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees from California, and has established a new national park in Oklahoma. It has created a national cemetery about the tomb of Andrew Jackson, and has ordered the graves of Confederate soldiers to be marked.

The two conspicuous failures of this Congress have been its neglect to provide for publicity of campaign finances and the abolition of gifts from corporations—a matter in which the Administration seems to have lost interest—and its brutal disregard of the claims of the Filipinos to fair treatment under our tariff. One bit of relief to the Philippines, however, has been the postponement until 1909 of the operation of the law requiring their coasting trade to be carried in American vessels. The general subject of tariff revision has been avoided as if it were loaded with smallpox germs, but now that the President has secured his Rate bill the word for a tariff agitation may be given at any moment, and when the President moves Congress will follow.

The appropriations of the late session, amounting to \$880,183,301, have exceeded those for any other year of peace in our history. Nevertheless the pinch of economy was felt in many directions—notably in Washington, where an appropriation of \$3,000,000 for the site of a new department building, an essential feature of the plan of civic improvement, was refused by Speaker Cannon.

In the matter of industry this Congress has never been touched. In the seven months of the session it has talked about twenty million words—the equivalent of two hundred good-sized books. The greatest literature of all ages—the Bible, the works of Shakespeare, Homer, Dante, Milton, Goethe,

Victor Hugo—the "Hundred Best Books" twice over—could be carved out of the language embalmed in this session's "Congressional Record." It surpasses all the extant classics of Greece or Rome in bulk—all that is needed to make it a great literature is some shuffling of the words. Nor was the diligence of Congress confined to talk. Bills enough were introduced to swamp the statute books of the world. The House received more in this single session than had ever been introduced in any entire Congress before. The number of House bills introduced in the session just closed was 20,508; in the last Congress, which was considered unusually industrious in this respect, 19,909 were introduced in all the three sessions of the two year term. In the late session there were also introduced 6,553 Senate bills, 856 House resolutions and 282 Senate resolutions. The House received 5,092 reports, and the Senate 4,429. There were 912 House documents and 315 Senate documents. Notwithstanding the effort to reduce the output of the Government Printing Office, more printing was ordered at this session than ever before.

The legislation of the Fifty-ninth Congress has gone forth with the inspection certificate of President Roosevelt duly stamped on the can. In an official statement issued at the time of adjournment the President said:

"In the session that has just closed the Congress has done more substantial work for good than any Congress has done at any session since I became familiar with public affairs. The legislation has been along the lines of real constructive statesmanship of the most practical and efficient type, and bill after bill has been enacted into law which was of an importance so great that it is fair to say that the enactment of any one of them alone would have made the session memorable. . . . I would not be afraid to compare its record with that of any previous Congress in our history, not alone for the wisdom but for the disinterested high-mindedness which has controlled its action."

This view prevailed very generally in Washington—in fact, it was one of the few points in which the sentiment of Congress was in complete accord with that of the President.

"THINKING BAYONETS"

THE question whether the Duma is to be a Parliament or a debating society hangs on the decision of the army. The whole fabric of autocratic power in Russia rests on military force, and that in turn rests on the will of the peasantry, who form the bulk of the population and furnish the great majority of the recruits. The predecessors of the present Czar were strong, because when they told their soldiers to suppress revolts the soldiers would shoot. Nicholas II is weak because he does not know what his soldiers would do, and he does not dare to put them to the test.

Hitherto there has been nothing to distract the simple mind of the Russian soldier. He has had only one possible source of orders—his superior officer, acting in the name of the Czar. His only alternatives have been obedience and mutiny, and the habit of obedience has been ingrained in his nature. But now he has to face the possibility of conflicting orders from two rival sources. If the Czar writes: "The Duma is hereby dissolved," and the Duma passes a resolution declining to disperse, the question whether the Czar is merely a boy practising penmanship or Parliament an assembly of elocutionists listening to their own voices will be decided by a man with a gun. If that man determines to obey the Duma's resolutions rather than the Czar's orders, in that moment the Duma becomes the supreme power in the Empire, and the Czar becomes a Charles I or a Louis XVI.

The effort to convert the man with the gun to revolutionary principles has been making great progress of late. It is conducted on two lines, one in the army itself, the other in the peasant villages from which the recruits are drawn. So successful has this double propaganda been that discipline is relaxing everywhere, and the soldiers are becoming insubordinate even in the most trusted regiments of the Guards. In the Duma whole days have been devoted to speeches directly bidding for military support. The House extends studied sympathy to the grievances of the soldiers—even the Cossacks. At Vladikavkas, in the Caucasus, delegates from all the regiments of the garrison held a meeting and voted to defend the citizens against the Black Hundreds in case of another anti-Jewish outbreak. At Kaluga two companies of the Ninth Infantry refused to fire on an assembly of workmen, and, when they were arrested, the whole regiment went on strike. The Czar's own regiment, of which he himself is titular colonel, held a meeting and passed resolutions endorsing the program of Parliament, protesting against further police duty, and ending with the recognized motto of the revolutionists: "One for all; all for one."

ALL A MISTAKE

CHANCELLOR DAY of Syracuse University secured a powerful ally on June 26. Mr. J. Ogden Armour returned from Europe and confirmed Dr. Day's statement that the Chicago packers had been the victims of malicious misrepresentation. Mr. Armour thinks that the entire American export trade, not only in meat products but in other goods of all kinds, has been injured, perhaps to the extent of hundreds of millions of dollars, by "Socialist agitators," "political revolutionists," "stump speeches," and "sensational journalism running amuck." He does not say

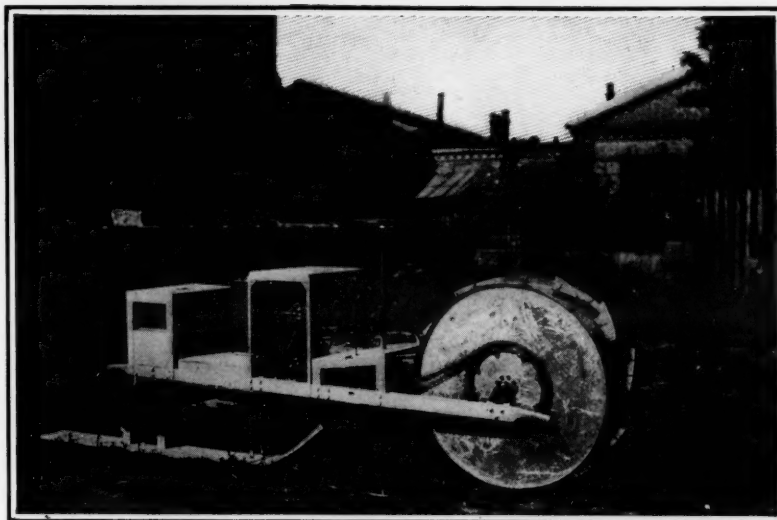
where President Roosevelt comes in under this classification, but naturally he belongs with the "political revolutionists."

Mr. Armour asserts that "the inspection now in force in all the larger packing-houses makes the sale of diseased meats from such houses impossible," the inspectors being presumably incorruptible; that the large packers believe in Government inspection; and that Armour & Co. will give any meat-inspection law that may be passed their heartiest cooperation and support. At present every pound of meat in the Armour plants, "for local use as well as for export, is inspected and passed in accordance with the full regulations of the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Animal Industry"—"the strictest in the world." The President's categorical statement to the contrary may be presumed to come under the head of what Mr. Armour calls "the flood of slander."

The reports of Agricultural Department experts



Building the car and machinery of the Wellman Polar Airship in Paris



The motor sledge for traveling over ice

PREPARING TO FLY TO THE POLE

and of the Chicago Health Department are cited to show that the "plant, as a whole, is clean and sanitary." The Armours "have always tried to keep it so." They were "doing it before this agitation was dreamed of." For five years or more they have "spent an average of more than \$700,000 a year" on their Chicago plant alone. "A dirty kitchen," adds Mr. Armour with profound philosophy, "is always an extravagant kitchen. Considerations of economy alone would have made us keep clean."

While Mr. Armour is putting his personal word against the testimony of all the independent witnesses, Mr. Louis F. Swift has invited Mr. John Brisben Walker to make a thorough investigation of the plant of Swift & Co., under the conditions, as stated by Mr. Walker, that no compensation shall be paid, that the investigator shall be personally conducted by Mr. Swift, and that Swift & Co. shall bind themselves to make such improvements as Mr. Walker may deem necessary for the protection of the public and of the employees.

AN ANTI-RING FUSION

THE turbid waters of Pennsylvania politics have finally cleared, and the issue is sharply drawn between the Penrose machine and the independent citizenship of all parties. The State Convention of the Lincoln Party, which met at Philadelphia on May 31, had nominated a full ticket, headed by the name of Lewis Emery, Jr., a Republican. The aspirations of Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia for the Governorship were thus disappointed. There was a movement among the Lincoln men in favor of a fusion with the Penrose gang, but this was suppressed. The question then arose whether a fusion could be effected with the Democrats. Last year, with the help of the Lincoln Republicans and the Prohibitionists, a Democrat, William H. Berry, had been elected State Treasurer, by nearly a hundred thousand plurality, but this year the Democratic boss, Colonel James M. Guffey, was opposed to fusion, nominally on the ground that he did not want a Republican candidate for Governor, and urged the nomination of a straight Democratic ticket. As the straight Democratic vote for Berry at the last election had fallen over a hundred thousand short of the vote for the ring's candidate, this would have meant the success of the gang ticket. But when the Democratic Convention met at Harrisburg on June 27 the boss was submerged. The Convention nominated Emery for Governor and filled out the rest of the ticket with Democrats. A call was immediately issued reconvening the Lincoln Party Convention at Philadelphia on July 10 to complete the fusion by substituting these Democratic nominees for the Lincoln candidates, who resigned for that purpose.

The feature of the Democratic Convention, next to its overthrow of boss rule, was its enthusiastic endorsement of "William Jennings Bryan, the great Democratic Commoner, who is now regarded as the certain successor of Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency." It thought that all the reputation of the Roosevelt Administration was due to a "feeble and pretended application" of Mr. Bryan's principles. The platform was thoroughgoing in its demands for the regulation of corporations, the limitation of franchises, and the protection of the public health against the manufacture and sale of impure food and drink.

Although the reformers won such a sweeping victory last year, they have a harder contest ahead of them now. There was no plausible excuse for partizanship last year, with no official more important than a State Treasurer to be elected, but now there will be a Governor, a full State ticket, thirty-two Representatives in Congress, and a Legislature that will choose a United States Senator to succeed Mr. Knox. That means a great deal in Pennsylvania.

SAFETY BY RAIL

IN the present craze for enforcing laws it has suddenly occurred to the Attorney-General that there is a national statute requiring railroads to install safety devices. This country has long been notorious for its record of railroad slaughter. Our reputation in that respect matches our fame for homicides and lynchings. In ten years our railroads have killed about eighty thousand people and wounded over half a million. Now Attorney-General Moody has ordered suits to be brought against eighteen companies for violating the safety-appliance law—fifty-two suits against a single company.

THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD



QUACKS AND QUACKERY

I.—THE SURE-CURE SCHOOL

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

The quack, who is both the ally and the rival of the patent medicine swindler, is shown in this, and the three forthcoming articles of this supplementary series, in his various phases. The remaining articles will treat of the Miracle-Workers (to appear August 4), the Eye-and-Ear Frauds, and the Habit-Curing Charlatans

NO PERIL in the whole range of human pathology need have any terrors for the man who can believe the medical advertisements in the newspapers. For every ill there is a "sure cure" provided, in print. Dr. This is as confident of removing your cancer without the use of the knife as Dr. That is of eradicating your consumption by his marvelous new discovery, or Dr. Otherone of rehabilitating your kidneys, which the regular profession has given up as a hopeless job.

The more deadly the disease the more blatantly certain is the quack that he alone can save you, and in extreme cases, where he has failed to get there earlier, he may even raise you from your coffin and restore you to your astonished and admiring friends. Such things have happened—in the advertising columns of the newspapers—and pitiful groppers after relief from suffering believe that they may happen again, otherwise charlatanism would cease to spread its daily lure.

Advertising furnishes the surest diagnosis of quackery. Any doctor, institution, or medical concern which promises to cure disease, either in a public advertisement or in a circular or letter is, in its own type, branded "quack," and the man who wastes his money and his health on such is the natural prey of the Foolkiller's ablest assistant.

If there is one disease more than another where quackery means death to the patient, it is tuberculosis. For, taken early, consumption may be cured, not by medicine, indeed, but by regulated diet, open air, and sunlight. Yet the aim of the consumption quack is either to draw patients to his "sanatorium," often in a crowded city, where they will live under unhealthy conditions, or to treat them by some "special" method, usually a stimulant medicine, which excites the hopes while it undermines the stamina of the victim. There is good money for the crooked doctor in tubercular diseases, because the patient usually dies slowly, willing to the end to give up his last dollar for any promise of life. A distinguished citizen of Cincinnati amassed a large fortune from his understanding of the financial possibilities of tuberculosis. Dr. Thomas W. Graydon is now dead, but you wouldn't know it from the circular of his Alpha Medical Institute, which survives him. This institute continues to send out Dr. Graydon's literature promising to cure consumption by the Andral Broca method, which is a combination of worthless inhalation with worse than worthless medicines. The patient is encouraged to diagnose his own case, and this valuable hint is pressed upon him: "Shortness of breath upon making any unusual exertion . . . is a serious warning that the lungs are affected."

Even the Laboratories are Fakes

That is, if a man unaccustomed to exercise should rush up fourteen flights of stairs, three steps at a leap, and should then discover that his breathing was somewhat labored, his proper course would be to rush hastily down again and write to Dr. Graydon for help. On this principle it seemed to me the Alpha Medical Institute would require large and commodious quarters in which to transact its extensive business, and I was not surprised to note in its pamphlet the picture of a fine office building bearing its sign. A visit to the given address in Cincinnati, however, revealed no such edifice as adorns the pamphlet's pages. On the site where it should have stood was a row of dingy houses, of distinctly funereal aspect. In one of these, designated as "office," I was received by a "manager" who

seemed unaccountably perturbed at my visit. He was reluctant to give his name, or the name of any of the "consulting physicians." He couldn't tell me anything about the "Andral Broca method," whence it got its name or what it meant. He couldn't cite a single instance in support of the claim that the Graydon method "has been generally accepted and adopted by the leading medical authorities, and by the medical profession as a whole." His one argument was that he could produce testimonials, and his one plea, that the Institute ought not to be "pounded," as it was going out of business in a few months, anyway. This means that the field is exhausted; that, as invariably will happen, the accumulated force of experience, proving the Alpha Medical Institute to be a fraud, has finally overcome the counter-force of its advertising. Probably its proprietors (I understand that Dr. Graydon's sons have got rid of the business as a baneful influence upon their social aspirations) will presently start up under some other name.

New York has had a flourishing concern of this kind, the Koch Consumption Cure, with branches in the principal cities of the country, some of which still survive. Reuben N. Mayfield was the presiding genius of this hopeful scheme. Untrammelled by any meagre

considerations of the law, he copyrighted the famous Koch's picture for his own use, forged a document or two, and was doing famously when the County Medical Society descended upon him and he hastened to parts unknown to avoid forcible removal to a large sanatorium for the treatment of moral ailments at Sing Sing. The "Secretary" of his outfit, P. L. Anderson, is now running an X-Ray Consumption Cure swindle at 50 West Twenty-second Street, New York. "Koch Institutes" still flourish in other cities.

Somewhat on the Koch concern order is a scheme conducted by "Dr." Derk P. Yonkerman at Kalamazoo, Michigan. "Dr." Yonkerman is one of those altruists who take "a personal interest in your case." He advertises a two hundred-page free medical book on consumption, which will prove to the dissatisfaction of any reasonable person that he's got it. The reader is urged to fill out a symptom blank, in reply to which he gets a letter from John Adam May, M. D., "consulting physician" and "specialist in tuberculosis," diagnosing that disease, and advising the use of Tuberculozyne (Yonkerman's remedy) at once. This letter, of course, is a form letter. I tested John Adam May, M. D., by sending him a list of symptoms that even a quack could hardly have regarded as possibly indicating tuberculosis,

if he had considered them; but John Adam hadn't the wit to see the patent trap, and walked in by advising me that "your symptoms indicate the presence of the poisonous toxins generated by the consumption germ." "Tuberculozyne" is one of those vicious morphine concoctions which dull the patient's perceptions, render him insensible of the augmented progress of the disease, and keep him the unconscious and profitable slave of the dispenser until death puts an end to the gruesome farce.

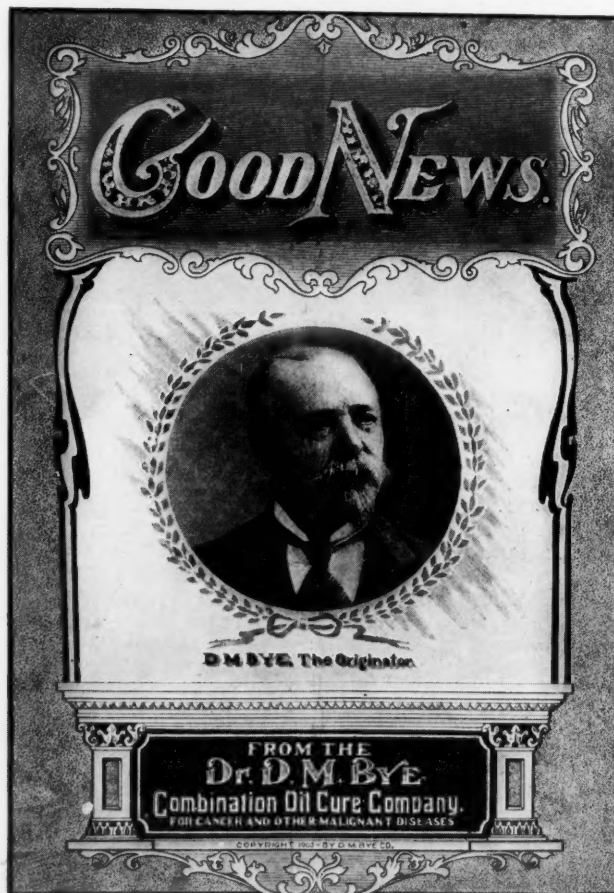
The Woman's Mutual Benefit Company of Joliet, Illinois, has a scheme for swindling consumptives that works pretty well. It maintains women agents in various towns who personally canvass the sick. To the pastor of an Iola (Kansas) church I am indebted for an illuminating instance of the company's methods:

"A very poor man with a wife and two children is dying of consumption here. The doctors have said he will live about two months. The local agent of this 'medicine company' went to see him and aroused his hope of recovery by telling him of the wonders this stuff will do. A lodge to which he belongs raised about ten dollars to pay for one month's treatment. He is now weaker than ever. About a week ago he sent for me, and I, thinking the end was at hand, hurried to him. He wanted to get twelve dollars from me to buy more Phosphozone! I sent for the agent and told her to treat the man on the basis of the guarantee on the label, and that if any physician of standing pronounced him cured, I would pay the bill. Needless to say, she wanted the money first."

Consumption Cure Frauds

The man is since dead, and his family is penniless. "Phosphozone" is guaranteed by the Woman's Mutual Benefit Company to cure consumption. Being a practically inert mixture of creosote and sugar, it will cure consumption just as it "cured" the poor dupe in Iola. It is a fake, pure and simple.

Mechanical devices and new "discoveries" for curing consumption abound. The Cabinarc Institute of New York City advertises a Finsen-ray treatment which is no more the real Finsen ray than is a tallow-candle, being merely ordinary electric light passed through blue glass. There are "X-Ray" and Violet-Ray "cures," atomizers, vaporizers, the Benson-ray treat-



FATHER AND FOUNDER OF A FAMILY OF QUACKS

ment, which is admitted to some supposedly particular magazines, the Condor Inhalation, and other specious devices for the relief of consumptives. The only thing they actually relieve any consumptive of is money. One and all, they are impotent to cure. Equally to be shunned are the concerns which exploit private medicines, such as the Lung Germine Company of Jackson, Michigan, and the Sacco Institute, which "cures" hemorrhage in twenty-four hours by a combination of

private church. Quite frequently I heard in Indianapolis that whatever might be said of "Dr." Bye's business, he was "such a good man, and so unassuming; runs that church at his own expense." Truly it pays Uriah to be 'umble and pious.

It is against the Bye principle to use the knife. Such is the inference from the advertising. "The knife, even in the hands of the most skilled operators, proves as deadly as the disease." What would be the advantage of undergoing surgical operation, anyway, when "our treatment gives universal satisfaction," and is declared to meet with "almost universal success"?

"Almost universal success" is rather an elastic term, if one may credit Dr. L. T. Leach, the present manager of the "Dr." D. M. Bye Company. Dr. Leach, apparently forgetful of his advertising, frankly stated to me that the Bye treatment cured about ten per cent of the cases of genuine, malignant cancer, and he wished to exclude from this sarcoma, one of the commonest and the most deadly form, on the ground that it was not cancer at all! Asked to reconcile his ninety per cent of cases lost with his claim of "almost universal success," he found no answer. "We do as well as anybody can do," he said.

Even if this were so—and I leave to the reader's judgment young Dr. Leach's implied claim of equality with the most eminent surgeons in the country—the fact remains that the Dr. D. M. Bye Combination Oil treatment is built on charlatanism, since, by the admission of its manager, it performs at most only a small percentage of what it promises. As for the surgeon's knife, the knife which "proves as deadly as the disease," etc., it is habitually used in the Bye establishment. This, on the explicit admission of Dr. Leach.

From Bye to Bye

Across the street from the Dr. D. M. Bye offices is the "down-town office and laboratory" of Dr. B. F. Bye. In the circulars this is pictured as a large and commodious brick building, standing far back in an imposing shaded yard. The picture is purely imaginary. So is that of the doctor's "Sanatorium" in the same pamphlet. The B. F. Bye outfit is ensconced in a shabby wooden house close to the street, and the "office and laboratory" are little more imposing inside than outside. The younger Bye makes the preposterous claim of eighty-two per cent of "complete recoveries." His "remedy" consists of a sort of paste of clay, glycerin, salicylic acid, and oil of wintergreen; a mixture of cathartics for internal use; a vaseline preparation; and the oil itself, which is ordinary commercial cottonseed oil with an infusion of vegetable matter, probably hyoseyamus. And with this combination he proposes to remove cancer and cure the condition that causes it! His treatment wouldn't remove a wart or cure a mosquito bite.

Dr. B. F. Bye's correspondence is replete with unconscious humor; *vide* this sample from his "hurry-up" form-letter: "When I pause and consider the amount of quackery and humbuggery practised all over the country, it is not difficult to understand why the afflicted hesitate to accept new treatment, no matter how logical it may be."

He belongs to most of the fake medical organizations in the country, whose diplomas (purchased) he proudly displays on his walls. The remaining two members of this estimable clan do a "soothing, balmy oil" business, under the title, "The Dr. Bye Company, Kansas City." They make the same ridiculous claims, and, from the bulk of their advertising, would seem to be prospering beyond the other branches at present.

Another quack family with a cancer branch is the Kilmer family of Binghamton, New York. Kilmer's Swamp Root, one of the most blatant of the patent-medicine swindles, was devised by Dr. S. Andral Kilmer, who sold out years ago (although Swamp Root dupes are still urged to write to him), and is now proprietor of a "CanCeriorium," and an itinerant charlatan. "Cancer's First Conqueror" is his modest description of himself. He "itinerates" through the large towns and small cities of New York State, advertising like Barnum's circus. Free consultation, remedies at three dollars a week, and treatment at two dollars a week, constitute his traveling plan. At his CanCeriorium at Binghamton, New York, the charges are higher. A campus caretaker at Hamilton College, afflicted with

facial cancer, went to Dr. Kilmer's CanCeriorium on a fund raised for him among the undergraduates, who did not know the nature of the institution. He was provided with all the liquor he could drink, evidently with a view to keeping him drugged, until Kilmer had extracted eight hundred dollars from him, when the progress of his disease was so marked that he became frightened and left, going to a reputable surgeon, who at once operated. He is now back at



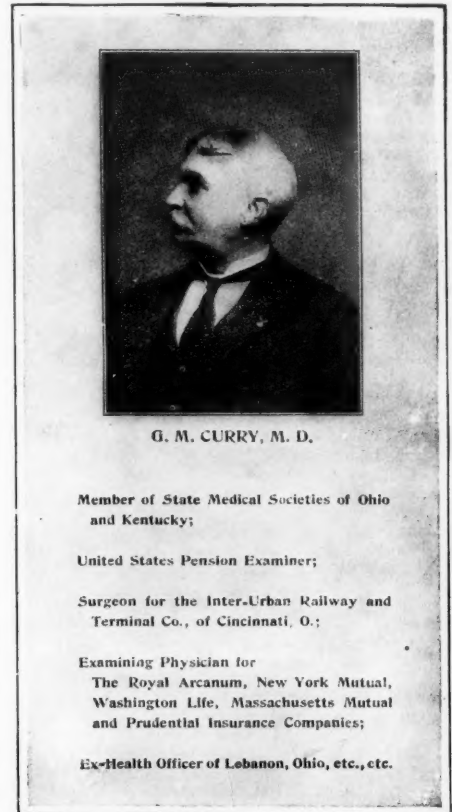
A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK

The youngest Bye sends out letters to his patients warning them against quackery in the cancer cure business

South African herbs. One rule can be set down for the whole field of tuberculosis remedies; every advertisement of a consumption cure cloaks a swindle.

The Cancer Vampire

The same is true of cancer cures. In this department of quackery the Bye family is preeminent. The family practise has split, owing to business differences, the father and one son conducting separate and rival establishments in Indianapolis and the two other sons operating from Kansas City. The fountain-head of the Bye fakery is D. M. Bye, president of the Dr. D. M. Bye Combination Oil Cure Company of Indianapolis. What kind of a "doctor" "Dr." Bye is, I do not know, but he is not an M. D. Perhaps he is a D. D. He has founded a little church in Indianapolis with the money extracted from his dupes, a type of financial penance made familiar by men of more conspicuous standing in the world. Dr. Bye slavers with piety in his "literature." "Surely God's blessing attends the oil cure." "We ask the prayers of God's people that we may keep humble, meek, and lowly in heart like Jesus would have us. So we pray." After which, this Uriah Heep of the quack business turns to and swindles the credulous patients who are misled by his religious pretenses, contributing a tithe of the blood-money to his



G. M. CURRY, M. D.

Member of State Medical Societies of Ohio and Kentucky;

United States Pension Examiner;

Surgeon for the Inter-Urban Railway and Terminal Co., of Cincinnati, O.;

Examining Physician for The Royal Arcanum, New York Mutual, Washington Life, Massachusetts Mutual and Prudential Insurance Companies;

Ex-Health Officer of Lebanon, Ohio, etc., etc.

A STRONGLY ENDORSED QUACK

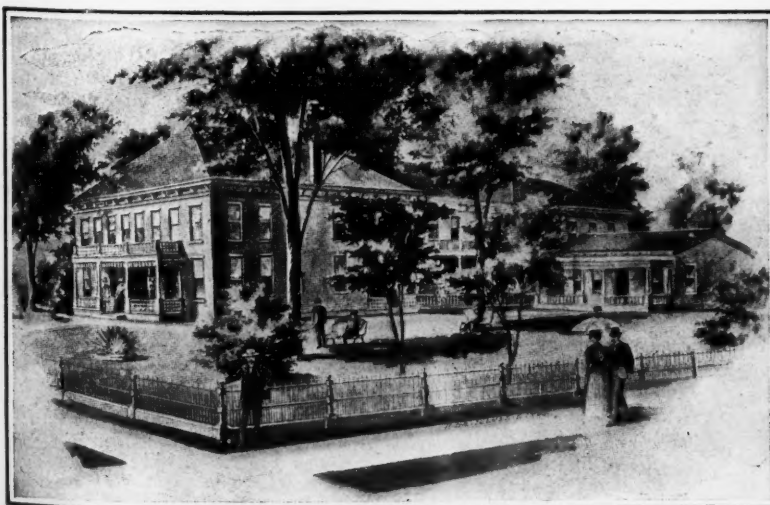
Of the ten statements which Dr. Curry prints under his picture, three are true, one other is probably true, and the remaining six are lies

work. This man kept track of seven of the CanCeriorium patients whom he came to know well, of whom, so he tells me, five died and the other two are apparently going the same way. Dr. S. Andral Kilmer represents an old, picturesque, and fast-disappearing tribe of bunco-artists, and when his side whiskers disappear from the pages of the small city dailies, those publications will be the less amusing, though the more respectable for the loss.

An Ananias of Quackdom

Much more up-to-date in his methods is Dr. G. M. Curry of Lebanon, Ohio. I don't want to overrate Dr. Curry in his own department of human activity, but he seems to me, on the whole, one of the most eminent all-around liars I have encountered anywhere in Quackdom. According to his own statements Dr. Curry has discovered not only the germ of cancer, but also a sure cure for it. Any kind of cancer is easy for him. "Worst cases cured in twenty days. To use other treatment simply invites death." Thus his advertising, which seems hardly fair to his fellow-fakers.

The fact is, of course, that Dr. Curry can not cure cancer, and he knows that he can not. He has not found and identified "the real cancer organism,"



Dr. B. F. Bye's "down-town" office and laboratory, as represented in his booklets, surrounded by broad lawns and shade trees—which exist in Dr. Bye's mind only



Dr. B. F. Bye's office as it actually is at 301 North Illinois Street, Indianapolis. The brick building in the rear is a hotel, in no way connected with Dr. Bye's establishment

THE QUACKS CAN NOT HELP LYING, EVEN ABOUT SELF-EVIDENT FACTS

as he claims, and his statement to this effect is a deliberate falsehood.

He exploits himself as a member of the Ohio and Kentucky State Medical Societies, which he is not, and Surgeon for the Inter-Urban Railway Company of Cincinnati, which writes me that he is not in their employ; also examining physician for the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and other similar organizations. His commission with the latter company was terminated in 1897, the New York Mutual got rid of him as soon as the nature of his business became known to them, and the Massachusetts Mutual informs me that he hasn't done any work for them for nearly ten years. One of his principal advertised connections, however, is sound; he is a pension examiner for the United States Government, and makes use of the prestige attaching to his office for the furtherance of his disreputable business. In his enterprise he has the support of Lebanon's "best citizens," including County Treasurer Lewis, Sheriff Gallaher, Recorder Spence, Auditor Stillwell, Judge O'Neill, Attorneys Wright and Runyan, Bankers Wood and Eulass, and several other prominent inhabitants.

Hear their pronouncement:

"Dr. Curry is no quack. His remedy is no fake. Both are entitled to the fullest confidence of cancer sufferers, and Lebanon is proud of his success."

To controvert such a galaxy of expert testimony as this is risky. Yet, on the strength of Dr. Curry's own testimony in letter and advertisement, I will adventure it. Dr. Curry is a quack. His remedy is a fake. And the highly respectable citizens who bolster it are, giving them the benefit of the doubt, the dupes of an arrant swindler.

I can do no more than mention, by way of warning, a scoundrel who endeavors to frighten women into taking his treatment by advertising in the papers "In woman's breast any lump is cancer." He calls himself S. R. Chamlee, M.D., Ph.S., and conducts his business from St. Louis. "Dr." Ohliger of Toledo is also a faker to beware of. He is something of a ghoul, too, since he uses the name of the late President Harper, of Chicago University, as a case that could have been saved by his treatment.

The Ascatco Lie

In one of the patent medicine articles I touched briefly upon a product known as Ascatco. Properly Ascatco belongs to the domain of quackery, since it is not sold, like patent medicine, through the drug stores, but is "dispensed" from the Austrian Dispensary, on West Twenty-fifth Street, New York City. It makes claim to being a sure cure for catarrh and asthma, and its newspaper advertising, which is all of the "paid reading matter" variety, masquerading as telegraphic or cable news, exploits it as an Austrian product, the discovery of distinguished savants, endorsed by leading European scientists and by United States Consular reports. One Leonard Hill is the presiding genius of the Austrian Dispensary. He wished to exhibit to me an extensive collection of testimonials, but did not wish to answer certain questions regarding the nature of Ascatco. Here are some of the points upon which he declined to enlighten me: Whereabouts in Austria Ascatco is made? by whom it is made? what European savants endorse it? what consular reports approve it? whence emanate the "cablegrams" as to its virtues, printed in the newspapers and paid for by the Ascatco company? As he would not answer my queries I must do my best to answer them myself. Ascatco is not made in Austria; it is made in this country to the order of the Ascatco company. Its "cablegrams" are manufactured by the company? It is not endorsed by any European savants. As to consular support of the stuff, the only available consular report upon it (to the use of which it is perfectly welcome) is a statement made, on the authority of two of the leading official pharmacists of Austria, by Mr. McFarland, American Consul at Reichenberg, Austria:

"Both [official pharmacists] state that 'Ascatco' is not an Austrian product, does not appear on any official list, is not on sale in Austria, and is by name or otherwise utterly unknown."

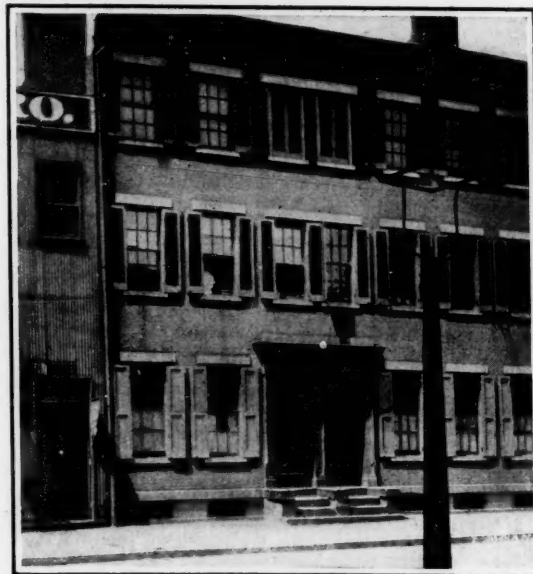
A Minor Quackery

The product itself is a strong solution of arsenious oxide, one twenty-fifth of a grain to a seven-drop dose, and is by no means a safe thing for an untrained layman to experiment upon himself with. My visit to the Austrian Dispensary opened up a minor and quite unexpected vista of quackery. From time to time a curious little publication calling itself the "National Advertiser" has been indulging in "canned editorial" arguments, attacking COLLIER'S for its patent medicine articles, and upholding the Proprietary Association's interests. In my innocence I had supposed that the little magazine



FAKE HOME OF A FAKE MEDICINE

This picture is taken from the Alpha Medical Institute's booklet, which asserts that this is their headquarters at 316, 318, 320, and 322 East 6th St., Cincinnati, Ohio. The photograph below shows the houses at 316 and 318 East 6th St. in that city



Actual appearance of the buildings at 316-318 East 6th St., Cincinnati, where the Alpha Medical Institute's "laboratory" is supposed to stand

Herald of Health

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF SUFFERING HUMANITY

Dr. Bye Combination Oil Cure

FOR THE TREATMENT OF
Cancer, Tumor, Catarrh, Piles, Fistula,
AND ALL FORMS OF
SKIN AND WOMB DISEASES

OFFICE AND LABORATORY
NINTH AND BROADWAY
KANSAS CITY, MO.

FRONT PAGE OF FAKE CANCER CURE PUBLICATION

was merely defending the principle of fraudulent advertising for the sake of its own profits. How directly these were involved I discovered only when I found that the "National Advertiser" is issued from the top floor of the Ascatco building, by one of the "Ascatco" Hills, and is practically an Ascatco concern.

The kidney cures are a large and growing class; conspicuous among them are the Pape Company of Cincinnati; Dr. Irving S. Mott of the same city, who used the name of the Harvard Medical School, which he has never seen, against its protest, until the magazines and newspapers being warned, refused his advertisements; the Church Kidney Cure crowd, the Fulton Company of San Francisco, and many others which make unfulfillable promises to cure Bright's disease and diabetes. This type of enterprise, at its worst (and it is equally typical, in its general workings, of all quack institutions), is well described by a young physician who took employment in a "kidney-cure" concern, but "got disgusted and quit," to use his own phrase, and is now a reputable practitioner in a Southern city. Driven by necessity, shortly after graduating from a medical college of standing, he became "case-taker" (alleged diagnostician) in one branch of the St. John's Medical Institute, which operated bunco factories in Baltimore, St. Paul, and Kansas City.

"I remember the 'great laboratory,'" he writes, "where the remedies were prepared in lots labeled No. 1, 2, 3, 4 up to 72, and the great case-taker (myself) made the diagnoses in the front office and prescribed 1, 2, or 3, as required for the case. These valuable remedies cost one cent each bottle, except 72, which cost two cents. In no case must the cost of treatment be more than ten cents per month per patient. On one occasion the genius who got up our advertising had failed to get from the engraver some fierce uric acid crystal illustrations to fit the story of how they ground through tissues, tearing up heart, lung, kidney, etc. In reality the pictures were borrowed from a publisher of school-books, and were not uric acid crystals at all, but *starfish*."

Motto: "Keep 'em Sick!"

When the St. John's Medical Institute changed hands (transferring its patients to the new management as one of the chief assets) the "case-taker" left and took a position with the Copeland Medical Institute of Des Moines, Iowa (which pretends to cure nearly everything), where, to quote his own words, "the office girl made the diagnoses and the laboratory was presided over by an expert chemist at seven dollars per week, who was a graduate from the Chamberlain Remedy Company, where he had taken a course in bundle-wrapping."

"Under our treatment," he writes, "there were hopeless incurables who had given up a fee every month for periods varying from one month to eight years, in one case. The policy was, when you couldn't keep the sucker under treatment any longer, to tease a testimonial out of him by some means. Well, we were a sweet bunch of philanthropists, and our motto was, 'A cured patient pays no fee. Keep 'em sick!' which was done by 'suggestion' for longer or shorter periods. Over thirty thousand people were treated from this office."

This gives a fair notion of the class of service furnished by the medical outlaws.

Various publications, lecturers, renegade physicians, hospitals, and institutes batten parasitically on the vested interests of quackery. A fake concern, called the Viavi Company, which preys upon impressionable women, has organized an elaborate "lecture bureau," mostly women and clergymen, to spread its doctrines, the chief of which is that every woman has something wrong with her, and that whatever it is, Viavi preparations alone will cure it. A Chicago woman, who received an invitation to one of these lectures through a friend, lays bare the whole "game" in a few sentences:

"After the lady lecturer finished her discourse, it became evident to me that there was no one present who was exempt from the need of 'Viavi,' from the actions and words of the lecturer, and also, I'm sorry to say, from the words of the ladies."

The Special Agents of Quackery

The same old "skin game"; get your victim to worrying, and she'll buy your medicine. "Viavi Hygiene," of course, is based on the fallacy of diagnosing and treating by mail.

Two alleged publications have for some time been making a living as special agents of quackery. One, the "New York Health Journal," has lately quit the field, by reason of the death of its "editor." It got out a number whenever enough quacks and fraud-medicines could be found to pay for its editorial space. It had no real existence as a magazine, and its "professional contributors" were myths. Anything was grist to its mill; it even printed solemn editorial endorsements of such roaring farces as Liquezone and Vitæ Ore. The

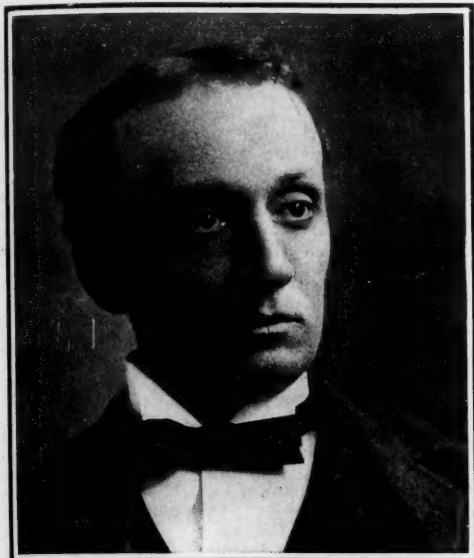
(Continued on page 22)

TRUST MEN GO TO JAIL

Five of Toledo's leading ice merchants convicted of conspiracy

By BRAND WHITLOCK

Mr. Whitlock is the present Mayor of Toledo, and is often spoken of as the political legatee of "Sam" Jones, who was famous as the "Golden Rule" Mayor of that City. Mr. Whitlock is also well known as the author of three popular novels. Like the two officials he describes, Mayor Whitlock owes allegiance to no political machine



LYMAN W. WACHENHEIMER

Prosecuting Attorney of Lucas County, Ohio, who conducted the cases which resulted in putting members of the Ice Trust in jail

THE other morning five men stood before Judge Kinkade in the criminal division of the Court of Common Pleas. They were all citizens of Toledo, "eminent citizens," as the saying is; that is, they were well dressed, had money, were successful in business, and respected in the community. But they had been indicted a month before for entering into an agreement to raise the price of ice, in which they dealt. One of them had been tried before a jury and convicted; thereupon the others had pleaded guilty. That morning, then, they were to receive the sentence of the court. Their lawyers, also eminent—the best of the Toledo bar, in fact—were with them and, of course, made speeches. When all the lawyers had spoken, and the judge had spoken, and the formalities had been observed, the judge pronounced sentence. The sentence was that the ice men pay each a fine of \$5,000 and be imprisoned in the Toledo Workhouse for one year. This was the maximum sentence under the law.

It was just as the noon editions of the newspapers said—the prisoners, as it was necessary to call them, were stunned. The spectators—the courtroom was crowded with what is known as a representative gath-

ering, that is, there were lawyers, officials, politicians, reporters, prominent citizens, etc.—the spectators inhaled a deep breath, exhaled a unisonant sigh, and then burst into nervous, excited, though decorously suppressed, conversation. It all made a great sensation in the city. The city, however, was prepared for that; the Ice Trust had been giving it sensations ever since March, when people were beginning to think of spring, and then summer.

But the city was not prepared for the sensation the affair created all over the country; it had not expected first-page stories and heavy editorials in all the leading newspapers in the land. Why this widespread interest so that, for instance, COLLIER'S must have an article?

Other men had stood in the criminal division of the Common Pleas Court in Toledo, and been sentenced for violating laws; scores on scores of them, hundreds of them, a long, haggard, pitiable but unpitied procession, had passed that way for years and years, and they had been given sentences more severe, more terrible, than this; nearly all of them had been sentenced to the Ohio Penitentiary—a much worse place than the Toledo Workhouse, by the way, or for that matter, a much worse place than any other prison in the land. They had been sentenced to long terms of years, or for life; now and then, to be killed with an electric wire. There had been no excitement, no sighs (except from the prisoners), no sensation, no first-page stories, no heavy editorials; certainly, no national interest.

Furthermore, the crime—it was also necessary to call this a crime—was not new or unusual. Other men, indeed, had been indicted even in Toledo for violating this very same Ohio law against trusts. The crime was a mere repetition, it had been committed many times before. Certainly, there was no news, as the reporters say, in the fact that men had formed a trust. They had been forming trusts all over the country for years and years; they had been raising, arbitrarily, heartlessly, and in cold blood, the prices of the necessities of life. There were worse trusts, at least bigger trusts, than the Toledo Ice Trust; for instance, the Coal Trust, the Oil Trust, the Beef Trust, the Sugar Trust—a hundred other trusts. Rich men had long ago repealed the law of supply and demand, and everybody knew it, and had suffered from it. No detail was missing, not even the railroad rebate, standing in the shadow behind the trust, whereby the Ice Trust might be traced, as Lincoln Steffens says all graft can be traced, to the System. No, there was nothing new, nothing unusual, about this trust; nothing that had not been done a hundred, a thousand, times before. This little trust was a mere imitator.

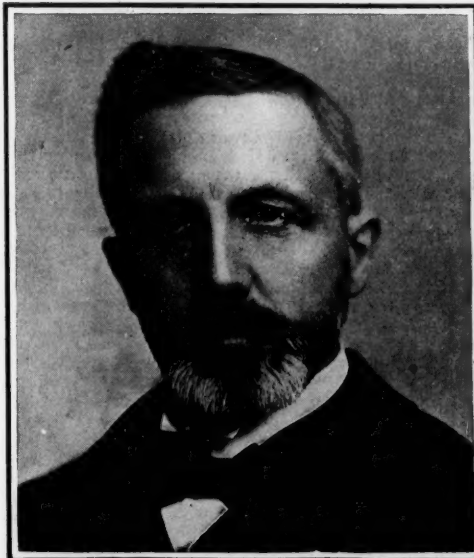
The Eminent Citizens and the Criminal Classes

The shock, the sensation, the news value in that commonplace criminal court scene lay in the fact, doubtless, that the five eminent citizens were standing there at all to receive sentence, or, receiving sentence, that they should have been committed to prison. By all the precedents, as they were men of position, with money and good clothes, and especially magnates who knew their business, they should never have been indicted at all, or, being indicted, should not have been found guilty, or, at the very least, we may say that some flaw should have been found in the indictment. But none of these things happened. The precedents were all rudely violated. After the first man, Miller, had been tried and found guilty, his associates rushed to cover, pleaded guilty, begged for mercy, and hoped for the best. They say now that they expected a fine merely; that is, they still had faith in precedent and the System. Respectable men in building prisons didn't intend them for themselves, of course.

But men with money had actually been put to prison for having been, or having attempted to be, financiers. That is, members of the ruling class had been condemned by their own laws. That was the story, as the reporters and correspondents instantly saw. What had gone wrong this time? Why had the System for once failed to work?

The answer, after all, is quite simple. Personality. It was personality working here—the most potent force in human affairs, and the one, strangely enough, which men oftenest fail to take into account. That is, personality untrammelled, free to express itself.

In the courtroom that morning were two personalities, one the judge, Reynolds R. Kinkade, who had presided at the trial, received the subsequent plea of guilty, and pronounced that rude sentence, a sentence, by the way, tempered with justice—yes, justice, which does not always enter into the sentence of criminal courts—because Judge Kinkade intimated that if the ice men would restore their excessive profits and agree to disagree about prices in the future, he might modify



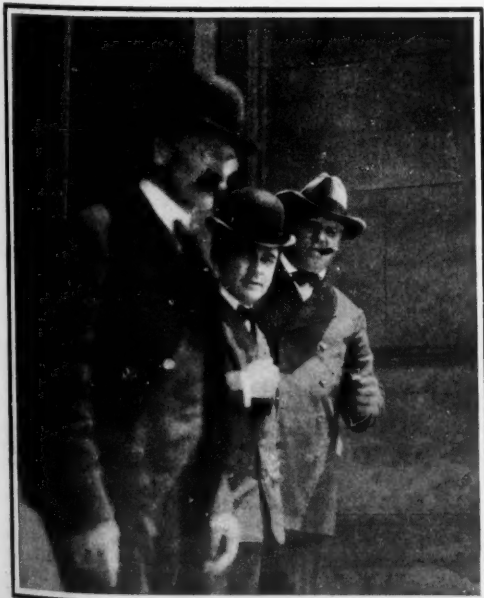
REYNOLDS R. KINKADE

Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Toledo, who sentenced to jail five of the most prominent citizens of the city for raising the price of ice

his sentence and moderate some of its severities. The other personality was that of Lyman W. Wachenheimer, the prosecuting attorney of Lucas County, who had drawn the indictments (without the usual flaws) and had prosecuted the indicted men just as if they belonged to what some people call the criminal classes, whatever that phrase may mean.

But first, as Turgénieff says, let us make the indulgent reader acquainted with Lyman W. Wachenheimer. The papers in Toledo call him "the little Judge," not because he is so little, but because they like him. He is not large, but he has a stocky, well-knit frame that shows hard muscles and the strong fibre of a man. He has a round head covered with short hair, of that color known as sandy; and his head gives, somehow, the impression of being hard, as if it could withstand many blows of fate and other things. He has a pleasant, open, frank, good-looking, smooth-shaven face, blue eyes, thin, level lips, and a firm jaw. He is young, with prodigious energy, a hard worker, and a fighter. The first four months of his term as prosecuting attorney he worked and fought without salary, the machine he helped to defeat having, as the phrase is, turned a

(Continued on page 24)



R. A. Beard (in the centre), one of Toledo's "foremost citizens," who has gone to jail for putting up the price of ice



Two of Toledo's convicted ice merchants: R. A. Beard (wearing cap) and R. C. Lemmon (wearing derby). Both have been convicted of conspiracy

LOST

THE MYSTERIOUS PERSONALITY OF BUCK MACDONALD, LATE OF TANGIER

By STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN

I WROTE down all this, once, for an old French doctor who lived in a little house out behind Tangier when I was in those parts—and who lives there still, I suppose, unless the liquor has got him, or that Jewish ex-dancing girl of his has been putting arsenic into his food. He was an odd old chap—a gentleman, once, I'm sure. He had several languages and nearly every dialect in Morocco, and the wreck of a fine singing voice which he used to exercise when he was full of absinthe, up on the roof of his house, under the stars. Many's the night I've spent with him up there—just him and me and the moon, with the countryside below all washed in green light and the city lying to the north, beyond the groves, whitish, like a great huddle of tombstones. We were always company enough for each other in the shank of the evening, for then we talked of the ends of the earth, and we'd both been there. But sometimes, when we were well going, he used to get a little profuse in his ideas and have up that Jewess of his, in her bangles and sequins, to dance for us—not café style, though, for, as I say, he was still something of a gentleman. They were good nights, sure enough, and they made us forget what we'd been once and why we had to lie around in such shabby corners of the world now. But neither of us ever spoke of that.

When all this, that I'm going to write about, was finished up—that is, when Buck MacDonald died—the old Frenchman says to me one night: "You were with him through all that business and you're the one who knows the truth of it. I want you to put it all down on paper—the story of his last days—and give it to me." I said I should never be able to do it; if Buck himself could have written it out it would have been soon done, for Buck had education; but as for me, I had none and no imagination either. But the old Frenchman says: "That's why you shall do it—because you've no imagination and little enough understanding of some things you've seen and because you'll set them all down just as I want them, quite bare, as a man with imagination could not." So, just to humor him, I went at it and wrote everything I could remember about the last days of Buck MacDonald. When I gave the finished tale to the old chap, up on his roof one night, he read it through and then whispers to me: "Do you know what I'm holding here in my hand?" "What then?" I asks him. "A little fragment of the Great Secret," says he, just like that—"a little fragment of the Great Secret."

"Well," says I to myself, "that's the absinthe working, I suppose." And he did get uncommon bad that night, knocking the glasses about with big gestures and singing things that made me prickles all over my head and, shaking my writing in my face, roaring: "What have I here? You fool; you've stood face to face with the naked Truth, and written it down and you don't know it. Pig of a fool, not to know it!" Well, I couldn't take offense, seeing the shape he was in; presently I had to take his head and the Jewess his feet, and we put him into bed, with my story tight in his arms.

A long time after, I told that story of Buck MacDonald to another man who writes for a living. When I'd finished, he was all in a twitter for me to scribble it out for him.

"Well," I says, "this is a pretty business! Every time I tell this story it sets people crazy, and I must write it out for them. Write it out yourself; it's your kind of job—mine's another sort." "I'd ruin it!" he cries out. "It must be written by you and no one else. If you will write it out for me, I'll pay you enough money for it to keep you drunk for a week."

Well, I've got that low now; it's for that I'm writing it all out again, but this is the last time. It's very hard on me; I'm not the man I was, and I can't sit at it for any length of time—my nerves being all gone, from one reason and another. But here it is, with nothing left out, for, having loved Buck MacDonald in my own way like a brother, I've never forgotten the least of it, and I expect I never shall—if my wits last until I'm jerked up in front of the Throne.

I MET Buck MacDonald half-way up the first alley I climbed in Tangier. He stood in the turn of the way against a blue-washed wall, like a rock in a current of blind beggars and starved donkeys and such riffraff,

one." For it was in the set of his shoulders that he was bold enough for any uses, and in his face that he was bad enough.

When I came near him I got mixed up and hustled about in a jam in the midst of the alley. There was some cursing in various languages, and at that Buck MacDonald gives a big laugh and comes rolling over. "And who may you be," he says, "who slangs these cattle in Afghan horse-dealers' slang and decorates that with Bokharan camelmen's compliments?" "Why," says I, "I'm doing my best with what languages I have; to tell the truth, being a stranger hereabout, I must scatter what I know like shot and chance hitting something with it. And who may you be, who knows Bokharan when you hear it?" "I think I'm what you are, then," says he, looking me in the eye, "a citizen of the world." "Well," says I, "when two such meet there's only one thing to do. Will you show me a hotel?" "I'll do better," says he, grinning, "and you'll come along with me, for I'm lonely in this rotten town, and you're the man I've been looking for."

He took me into the heart of the place, and up a dirty alley thereabouts was a café, and over the café was Buck MacDonald's ménage—four rooms about a mezzanine balcony, like, opening on the court below, and the exclusive privileges of the roof. "Small, but neat," says he, leading me around, "and private, if you don't mind noise next door to your privacy; for sometimes the row downstairs is astonishing—we get it most when they have parties in the patio below, what with the girls, and the guests breaking the true religion with liquors. But up here you could set the place afire, and nobody would come up and ask about it. And as for our own kind, I never saw a white face in this alley before yours. They get my money downstairs, you see, and I get the privacy, which I like. I make you free of the place; if you want chaste seclusion and my society while you're in these parts, hang up your hat. There are two clean beds, and I can't use but one."

Well, the long and short of it was that I stayed, and it was a queer life we two led there. Two of the rooms we slept in; then there was a kitchen where a black boy cooked our food while one of us watched him, for we had some pretty good things in the place and a rascal with a couple of pennies could buy a handful of corrosive sublimate in the market any day; and then there was our living room, not a bad place at all, with divans and latticed windows, and a plaster ceiling all picked out in patterns like an embroidered counterpane. The café-keeper used to board his dancing girls in these rooms, but when Buck MacDonald came looking for lodgings they were bundled out. Yet I don't think the smell of musk ever quite got out of the place. We would prowl at night sometimes to the old French Doctor's behind the town—it was Buck introduced me there—and sometimes knocking around the alleys, in places where you'd think a white man's life was worth about a pinch of tobacco. But no harm ever came to Buck MacDonald—then. He was as bold and proud as any Moor among them, and he could bubble away to them for hours in their own brand of Arabic—and, to tell the truth, he looked a little like a big Moor himself, with his pale skin and peaked, black beard and shining eyes. "I think you could slip on a turban and a k'sa and go praying in their mosques," I said to him, "without the least danger." "And how do you know but I have?" says he. I think he would, too, for the very devilment of it.

I know there was one bold thing he used to do of



He stood in the turn of the way, like a rock in a current of beggars and such riffraff

and the sun came down between the dirty old houses and splashed over him there. A fine, tall, good-looking man he was, standing there with his hands in his pockets and his big chest out, and the point of his black beard up, looking down his nose at me climbing up from the pier. I says to myself: "There's a bold man and"—while I came nearer—"what's more, a bad

nights that worried me when I found it out, and that was traveling over the roofs. In a rough, hooded jellab and Moorish slippers he'd go, out through our lattices and across the top of the next house, and so away, from roof to roof, in the shadows, to where there was an archway over the next street. I never knew just how far he went. He was angry enough the first time I waylaid him, climbing back, but I stood him out. "It'll end, some fine night," says I, "by your never getting back at all." "Mind your affairs and I'll mind mine," says he, looking very black. "Am I to wear a lijam bit in my mouth for the likes of you? Keep away from my play." "Play!" I cried out, "God save you, MacDonald, you might as soon play with a nestful of cobras as this game! You're not new to this sort of country, and you know I'm speaking the truth." "Yes," he answered back, "I know it well, and that's why this game has a tang to it that I care for. At least, while I'm flirting so with my friend, the big

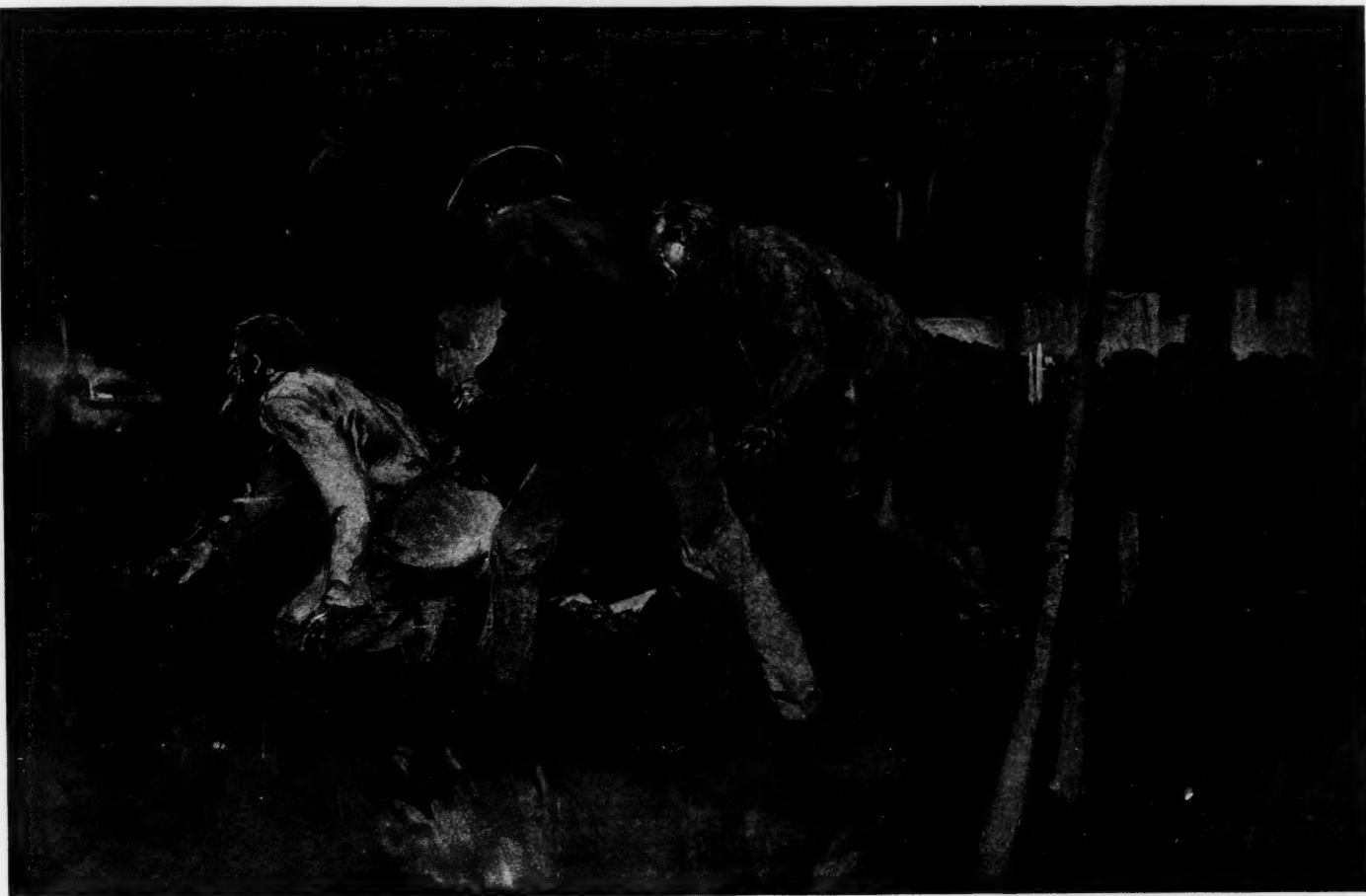
"Catullus," says he, very short, wincing a little, for something. "A stranger to me," says I. He got up without answering and went to the window. "Oh, God," says he, looking out at the dark, "it's a lonely mind I have these days, and I should let the better part of it die; for I'm alone in the desert, now, and there'll never be company for it any more." "What are you getting at?" I blurted out. "That I'm not good enough for you?" "You're good enough," says he, twisting up his face with a poor sort of grin; "you're plenty good enough for me, brother O'Hara." That was the name I went by at that time.

But it was plain to me I wasn't good enough, for all his saying to the contrary. There's no doubt that if you're not a gentleman you can never quite understand one; and I couldn't ever quite understand Buck MacDonald. He had queer streaks enough, but the queerest was that I have mentioned—his taste for Latin. It was near a mania with him, Latin was; he was

me at all, "I must live beside the sea, where I can see the ships come in." Well, you can understand, from one thing and another, that he was a queer man. But he got closer to me, with all that, than any other man ever did, so that when the smash came—

I'll tell at once how it came, and get it over with.

HE'D gone out, late one night, in his Moor's clothes, across the roofs. There was a party on downstairs; the courtyard full of men, smoking kief and drinking, and the music going at a crazy rate—pipes, drums, everything. I was leaning in the dark against the wall behind our balcony, looking down at them. There were four girls dancing, all red in the torchlight, and all around them a solid, smoky ring of turbans. Just when they were going the worst, I heard something in the living room behind me, thrashing around on the floor. I went in and struck a light and held it down. Mother of God—I'll never forget that! It was Buck MacDonald,



We found him on his hands and knees in the scrub, crawling East

Scythe-bearer, I'm not thinking of other things. You're a better man to-day," says he, "than I am; for little diversions blot out little twitches of conscience, but it takes a fearsome diversion when your conscience is torn in two. Now we will drop this affair, you and I. Selah!"

I haven't the gift of writing Buck MacDonald's speeches the way he made them, for his words were mostly fine and long, and he talked beautiful sometimes, so that I knew from the first he was another gentleman born who had some good cause to stick himself away in a mean place. I've seen more of them in wandering up and down the world—there was the little French doctor, for one, right outside this same town, and for another there was a man I met, crying drunk and ragged, in a cheap bazaar house in Jaipur, singing a song in English about a rosary—"The hours," he sings, "that I have spent with thee"—till it made me sick all over to hear him, and I'm not very soft at that.

But Buck MacDonald was the beat of them all. I don't think there's any queer place in the world he hadn't been to, and the different languages he had in his head would burst another man's skull. And not only languages you can use nowadays, but some that nearly everybody has forgotten and that will never do any one the least good. Latin, for instance, he had. Often and often I've heard him, at night, reciting that jargon, beating time with his long arms and rolling the words around in his mouth as though he loved them. I knew by the lilt of it that it was mostly rimes, and it did sound fine, for he had a great, deep voice like a Moorish *muéddhin's* and the words came out like the boom of a bell.

He had one rime in Latin about a girl named Lesbia, so he said—a foolish little thing about her sparrow dying—and when he came to that one his voice would go soft with a little shake in it, like a singer's, and almost always, afterward, he'd sit still, looking quite through me for a long time. "Well," I says to myself, "there's songs in the Kashmir hills that set men to cutting throats, and there's the tunes the pipes play the Scotch into action with—and they put iron into your bones—but this is beyond me, how a rime about a girl's sparrow dying can soften up a big, strong, bad man like Buck MacDonald."

"Who wrote that Lesbia piece?" I asked him once.

always at it when he'd had a good deal of liquor. He kept an old guitar that he used to pick at when he was full; he'd sit curled up on the divan chanting his Latin verses with a kind of odd quaver in them and thrumming a note now and then on the strings. He said that was the way they should be sung. "It's the way they were sung," he'd say, beating the frets with his fist. "Why," I'd say, "those old chaps are dead these thousand years; who knows that's the way, then?" "It must be," he'd say, "there's no other way. Now hark to this." Then he'd begin again and, as likely as not, just then the drums and fiddles would start up in the patio below and Buck MacDonald would lean over the balcony and damn them, till the girls scattered away, scared half to death.

He had a queer way, too, of jumping at a word now and then. Once, when he was playing with the guitar, I said: "Give us that song about Lesbia." He whirled around at me staring. "What's up?" I says. "Why," says he, "I don't know myself, O'Hara, but whenever I hear that name, Lesbia, you see, it startles me; and yet never in my life did I know a woman named Lesbia, and that's the truth." "That's funny, too," said I. He sang the song, then; the music was all his own, you see, made up out of his head, but it did seem to fit somehow. When he got through he sat staring and then says: "She would have been a fine, tall, red-lipped girl, and her hair all violet—" "Violet!" I cried, beginning to laugh. "Violet," he says, "powdered with violet-colored powder and set with three gold hoops. She'd have a purple gown—" So he rambled on like that, describing the girl in the song. He always had a great imagination when he was drunk.

"Do you know," he says to me, one night, "I can't get away from this land? Since—what happened that did, I've wandered a long ways, but I always find myself slipping back, after a time, to the north coast of Africa. The first time I saw it, I felt like I was friends with it already. I'm easier here than anywhere else, but not easy entirely. For I've wandered up and down this coast, living in half the towns it has, but I can't find the place where I can rest easy. I guess it's on account of a bad conscience, O'Hara, that I can't find that place." "Why," I says, slapping him on the knee, "why don't you try the desert towns? I'll go, if you like." "No," he says, looking at me and not seeing

ald, twitching on his face in a splatter of blood. He'd been shot through the head and he'd come creeping home, over the roofs, to die.

I went crying for help, holding to the wall to keep straight, and the café-keeper and a black boy of his came piling up. I had the wits to know that if there was the edge of a chance for Buck MacDonald, there was only one thing to do. We had a towel around his head and got him down the stairs and across the donkey. Then we went at a trot, the black boy running on and the café-keeper and me holding Buck fast, smashing along the alleys and through the Marshan Gate—a handful of coins and the sight of a gun did that—and up the road toward the old French doctor's. That was a wild race for you, with the black boy pelting ahead like a shadow and us stumbling and clutching at Buck MacDonald, slipping about on the donkey's neck. "He's dead," I says to myself, watching the swing of his hands, "or, if he's not, this will do for him." Then we came by the place; the old Frenchman was staggering down the path at us—it was too late to catch him sober—and that Jewess of his, in the black doorway, holding up a lantern—I've got it all right here in front of me, as though it happened last night.

We got him in on a table and the old Frenchman took off the towel. When he saw Buck MacDonald's head, says he, quite slow, knocked sober entirely: "We can let him die comfortably at least. Maryam, my incense, fetch me the little dusty case under my bed." She came with it, all clanking in her bangles and smelling of musk, with her eyes plastered with kohl and her cheeks painted—but the gentle hands she had when she cut off the wet clothes with her knife! The old doctor went to work—but I had to go away.

After a while the old man came out to me. "Well?" I asked him. "Why," he says, "he's still alive!" I looked up, and it was daybreak and I'd never noticed it. "He's still alive, the great, strong man," he says, "but I wish he'd die, now." "Why?" I asked him. "I shan't tell you," says he and goes in.

He didn't die that day, nor the next, nor the next; but all the time he lay gray and stiff, without a flutter. The old Frenchman's girl sat beside him, fanning the flies away. I don't think she slept at all; she cried a little that first night and the kohl and the rouge had

run on her face and she'd never washed it off—but there was nothing funny about it, for all that. The old doctor was a sight, too, and so was I; we went about scrubby-bearded and dirty and ate odds and ends standing up, coming in with the plates in our hands to stare at Buck MacDonald where he lay. On the fourth day the old Frenchman says to me: "I think he'll live." "Praise God!" said I. "Hold fast," says he, taking me by the arm. "If he lives, my friend, he'll have no mind." Right there in the light, then, I did what I thought I'd forgotten how to do, and the old man, too, hanging to me and wetting my coat. You see, neither of us two had so many friends left that we could afford to lose the best of them that way.

Buck MacDonald came around, little by little, till he had a fair grip on his life again. And at length, a long time after that last trip of his across the roofs, we lifted him out on the grass, a great, white, hollow-eyed, skinny wreck—and he didn't know his right hand from his left. "Buck," I said, sitting down beside him. "Buck, don't you know me now? Don't you know brother O'Hara? There's Tangier yonder; Tangier, don't you remember? It's Morocco—El Maghrib el Aksa." He looked at me for a long time, but he never seemed to see me.

We tried, day after day, to rouse him up with a little of every language we had. We talked to him by the hour in God knows what tongues and dialects from everywhere. He just sat crumpled up and staring, as helpless as a baby. We sang him songs he must have heard; trying, you see, to find a little rag of memory; it was songs from India and songs from France—it would have pulled at your heart to see that old, wrinkled, gray doctor bawling French music-hall ballads and peering into Buck MacDonald's white face. "It's no use," he says at length, one day. "It's all gone." Then, all of a sudden, I got a thought and a little chill down my back. "Buck," says I, "Buck, do you remember Lesbia?" He stared and stared at me, and then—"Ah!" he cries out in a voice I can't find words for. And at that, for the first time, he began to gabble strange words like a man in a fever—single words and bits of sentences over and over.

"Yá Allah!" cries the old Frenchman, jumping up, "I think it's Latin!" That's right; it was Latin.

The old French doctor, to my thinking, should have written this part—how Buck MacDonald did from that day. I can't do it properly, not knowing the reasons for the things that happened, as a doctor would.

BUCK got a little better, as the old Frenchman said he would, but he had no mind to speak of. He never knew us again; we were just strangers to him, and he acted for all the world like a man who'd wakened up, lost, in a strange land. All day he'd sit outside the Frenchman's door, sunk in, looking down at Tangier and never knowing it—not when the drums would beat and the 'Aisawa parades would go fluttering in and out through the gates, or when the muéhdhins would call to prayers from the mosque at sundown, one voice near, another far, like bells tolling. His whole past life, you see, was clean gone from him.

But I mustn't say it was all gone, either; there was the Latin. Whenever he used his voice it was to gabble that useless stuff that he kept somehow out of all he'd known. It wasn't the verses he used to sing, but, short, choppy speeches, like a man talking to himself. He'd sit huddled by the door, whispering this stuff and picking curiously at his clothes and staring at me, where I'd lie smoking beside him. Says I to the old Frenchman one evening, looking at what was left of Buck MacDonald: "Don't talk to me of hell-fire hereafter. There's no need of it, I don't think. It's here." "Salli en-nabi!" says he, looking at me slow, "are you just finding that out?"

But, after a time, we found we could teach Buck a word here and there, till he would say some little things. When he got a new word the old Frenchman and me, sitting before him, would laugh sometimes like

I think a young mother might laugh at her kid, and then we'd look at each other and be near the other thing. He learned, so, to talk a little English, but he never got a scrap of his memory back—save the Latin. He was just like a very sick man among strangers in a strange land, trying to learn a new tongue.

He had a delusion of that sort, too, I think, that he was in the wrong place. When he got so he could shamble about on his feet—and he had a little English by that time—he'd look at us and say: "I must go back. I must go back." He wouldn't sit looking down at Tangier any more, either; he must be taken to the other side of the house, where he could lie all day mumbling Latin and staring East. He was always for staring toward the East.

As time went on he got worse about that. Says the old Frenchman: "He's wearing himself away for something he thinks he wants. What is it?" "God knows, if it's in the world," says I, "and what I've got can buy it, he shall have it." One night we missed him out of his bed and went rushing down, beating the hillside for him, and found him on his hands and knees in the scrub, crawling East. "I must go back," he sobs, when we caught him up and carried him home. "It's East he wants to go," says the old doctor that night. "Then," says I, "I shall take him there, if that will make him better."

I SOLD what Buck MacDonald and I had together, and one pink morning we set out for the sunrise, Buck tied on one camel, me on another, and our packs on a third, and at each leading string a frowzy Amazigh camelman. The old Frenchman and his girl watched us go from his roof; I still saw the flash of her bangles there when the house was near out of sight. "Buck," says I, looking back at him, where he rode second, swaying like a big ghost in his straps, "we're going East. You're going back, Buck, wherever it may be." And on my word, his face was better to look at that morning.

That was a strange, long, lonely journey of ours. We went by a hard road, and no very safe one, for we pushed East through the skirts of Morocco where I don't think many white men had gone before; and yet never a hand was raised to us. We stopped up in dirty little *duars* where they could have had our camels and traps for the trouble of pushing a knife into us. We worked across the tail of the desert, where it comes down toward the sea, and the Arabs rode on the skyline, staring, and went away. We slipped along through dark gullies in the cork hills, and the mountaineers sat on the peaks and let us go by. You see, our Amazighs told the folks in the villages we were two crazy Nazarenes—one very crazy and the other—meaning me—fairly so, and that we were going East to find where the sun came up. The villagers respected us for being crazy and sent out their best-looking girls with food and passed the word ahead. So we went on, till one morning I saw across the sand a red Spahi riding with sabre and carbine, and I knew we'd come into Algeria.

"Buck," says I, "are we far enough, now? We've come a mortal ways and you're worn to a shadow with all this. We're in the French country, now; be satisfied and come home to the old doctor and Maryam, where you can lie all day in the shade, as you should." But he looked at me and all around, and then, says he, just like a lost child: "This is a strange country. Where's my own country? I must go back." And he starts on again, eastward. "God save us," says I, despairing; but we went on.

We were as black as the Amazighs, and our beards were down on our chests; we rode our dirty, galled camels in ragged jellabs with our legs bare and flea-bitten. "Of all the wild marches I've ever made," says

I to myself, "this is the wildest—forever going nowhere, through desolation, at the whim of a crazy man. But I will go on, by God, till Buck MacDonald gets rest in his brain." And I think he was more restful the farther East we got. He was nothing but bones, yet his eyes would shine whenever he could watch the sea over his left shoulder—for save when we skirted the big Algerian ports, we had to hug the coast as we went—he wouldn't have it any other way. "I must be by the sea," says he, "where I can watch for the ships." Now, what would you think of that? It was almost those words he'd used one night before he was shot.

He'd mumble to me by the hour, now, as we rode, though he never got over the idea that I was a stranger to him. He'd talk in Latin, as though I ought to understand him, and sometimes in the choppy, slow English he'd learned over again. He'd say, for instance: "Do you know Mamilia's house?" "Where's that?" I'd ask. "I'll show you," he'd say. "We will sit against the pillars and watch for the ships—for the ship with the purple sails." Then he'd repeat: "Purple—purple sails—" and a Latin word that sounded like purple (I've forgotten it); and then one time: "Her hair is powdered with purple and bound with three gold hoops!" Think of it; he'd said that once when his brain was right. I gave a big jump. "Why, Buck," says I, my heart thumping, "you mean that Lesbia." He didn't start this time; he just looked at me and said: "Yes, Lesbia. She went away in the ship with purple sails. But she's coming back, and I'm to watch for her on the hill, at Mamilia's house. But first I must find Mamilia's house." You can see, from this and that, there was no hope for him.

ONE day, at last, we reached the end of our journey. There's a bit of a town called Bone on a point of the coast, and we'd come near there, riding over the little hills with the flash of the sea on our left. And while we rode, Buck MacDonald began to straighten up and stretch his neck and blow through his nose and stare at the land. Presently he commenced to twitch all over and mutter to himself. "What's this?" I thought. "If we've come to a place where he can lie down at last, then thank God, say I, for I can't bear much more of this."

Then says he, shaking the more: "Hurry, hurry. Get on; I shall be too late. How long have I been lost? Perhaps the ship's come back. Perhaps She's come back and I not there!"

Somehow I got to shaking myself; we beat the camels, and they struck out, grunting mad, us swinging in the saddles and the camelmen hanging to their tails. Across the roll we went pelting and up over a bluff, and there down below lay the empty sea, and a lot of little Arab farms and on a hill beyond, strange enough, a great, brown French church. We stopped and Buck MacDonald caves in, all huddled over his camel's neck, and glares down at the place.

"Ah!" he cries, deep down in his throat, "what's wrong?" "What's this place? Where's the town?"



Where are the ships? Where's Mamilia's house? Where's Mamilia's house? Where's Mamilia's house?

Over and over he cried it, as if he pulled it right out of his heart, and then he slipped off all ways and went stumbling down the hill with his arms out, stark raving, like he'd never been before.

I ran after and caught him by the hood. "Buck," I says, "Buck, for God's sake!" He turned around on me so that I jumped back. "What have you done with Mamilia's house?" he screams, coming after me—and the rest was in Latin till he stumbled and went down in a heap and lay there.

We got his head up and threw water over him. Presently he opened his eyes. He was dying right in my hands. He mumbled to himself for a time and then—he hoists himself up in my arms and turns to the sea. "Lesbia! Lesbia! Lesbia!" he calls, in a great strong voice—and that's all.

We buried him decently near the French church and I did a funny thing there—I gave the priests the last of our money to say masses. Then I rode to Bone and sold the camels and went away on a dirty, little boat.

IT was a year before I was telling it all to the old French doctor, upon his roof, back by Tangier. When I was done, he says, with a little shake in his voice: "Do you know what's happened at that very place where Buck MacDonald died, since you were there? An Arab was digging a well, and he came on a buried floor all made of colored stones. They've been digging there ever since; it's the ancient Roman city of Hippo Regius."

"Well," says I, "that's another funny thing, isn't it? Poor old Buck, how he would have liked that in his good days. There was nothing he liked better than that sort of thing."

The old Frenchman jumped up. "Yá Allah!" he shouts, shaking his fist in my face. "It's always that way; when a great pearl lies around loose, a fool treads on it." You see, he was drunk again.

At any rate, that's all I know about the last days of Buck MacDonald.

He went stumbling down the hill
with his arms out, stark raving



CECILIA

THE STORY OF A MAN WHO FLIRTED

By THEODOSIA GARRISON



Illustrated by
Harrison Fisher

"AND so you really want me to marry you? I am so glad."

Carmoden felt his hand grow limp about the girl's fingers. He also experienced the sensation of having been momentarily immersed and snatched from a pool of cold water. At the bottom of his consternation rose a devilish desire to give way to mirth. The situation was so absurd, so impossible, but Cecilia's eyes were in his—expectant, questioning. He strengthened his fingers about her own.

"I am so glad you are glad," he equivocated.

Cecilia stood tall and severe before him. She had all the angles of her seventeen years and none of their graces. Her arms were too long and her hands suggested bones covered with thin kid; her neck seemed to rise from her muslin frock with the rigidity and slimmness of a spire.

Carmoden's tastes ran to curves and dimples and hands whose touch intimated a caress. He could have cursed himself for the light words that had precipitated this ridiculous situation. Great heavens, how had he blundered into playing the game with one who knew nothing of its subtleties! He, in whom the delicate art of flirtation had reached the point of perfection! Before this he had played with opponents as skilled as himself. His affairs had been fencing bouts in which the principals had seemed politely unaware that they thrust and parried with buttoned foils and with no consoling assurance at the back of their brains that a mortal wound was impossible. It was such a pretty game—but one, apparently, not included in the curriculum of the schoolroom. He had played with some one who hadn't understood, and this was the result.

They were dancing in the house. He could hear the piano and see the dancers through the open windows. Mrs. Le Grange was dancing on the veranda. He could hear her shrill laughter at intervals and the sound of her voice. He had been carrying on a pallid flirtation with her for some weeks. He wondered what her sensations would be if she could be made suddenly aware that he had just proposed to her daughter, or rather, that he had been accepted without that customary overture. He pulled himself together as he woke to the fact that Cecilia had been speaking to him.

"Don't you think," she said, "we had better go in? They will begin to wonder and Kitty will laugh (Kitty was Mrs. Le Grange). I think it will be a little difficult to tell them, don't you?"

"Tell them?" said Carmoden stupidly.

"That we are engaged," said she serenely.

She laughed a trifle nervously, and her laugh was pretty. There was a note of pure joy in it that made Carmoden feel like a cur.

"I can hardly believe it is true after all," she said. "When I came down to dinner to-night I was so miserable. Kitty's friends laugh and talk so much. They seem to want me to think that they consider me ludicrous, and it makes me feel horribly awkward and in every one's way. You are the only one who has ever been nice to me. I think that is one reason why—why I—"

"Why you?" said Carmoden. He spoke for the mere speaking's sake. Great heavens! how could he tell her the truth so that it would hurt least? It would be like striking a child—and to punish her for his own offense, at that. He wondered irritably of what inflammable stuff young girls were made. He had seen her for the first time the week before, when he had come from town with most of Mrs. Le Grange's household. Cecilia had come down to tea and been introduced to them all at once, and she was so obviously

miserable that he had tried to put her at her ease for very pity's sake. He had sat beside her at luncheon and dinner perhaps five times, and once he had driven to the village with her because there was no room for him in Mrs. Le Grange's cart. He had paid her pretty compliments because he paid all women compliments, and he had flirted paternally with her, because he had flirted with all women, and behold! here she was, in a week's time, not only willing, but apparently charmed to marry him. He felt that he would like to give Cecilia some much needed advice and Mrs. Le Grange—what was she thinking of to allow Cecilia such liberties; to permit her to loiter under the moon with a man of his calibre—a bachelor of thirty-five years and a hundred affairs? He was excessively annoyed at Mrs. Le Grange—almost virtuously indignant. In the meantime Cecilia was answering his question.

"You have always been so nice to me," she hesitated awkwardly again, "and that is the reason—one of the reasons." She flushed and trembled suddenly. "Ah, you must know," she cried with a mirthful tenderness. "I have said I would marry you, and you pretend not to know why."

"Now," said Carmoden to himself, "I must tell her, and I wish to heaven she were big enough to knock me down."

He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue. "Cecilia," he began, and at that moment Mrs. Le Grange's voice screamed his name from the veranda: "Chris—Christopher, where are you? Come in. Teddy's going to dance, and we want you to play."

"Oh," breathed Cecilia. She gathered her dress in her long fingers and prepared for flight. "I'll get in through the library; they'll never know."

Carmoden caught at her hand. "Wait," he urged desperately. "I want to tell you. There is something I must!"

"To-morrow," said Cecilia sweetly, and fled. It was patent that she gave a sentimental meaning to his request.

Carmoden explained flippantly to Mrs. Le Grange and the lank youth in attendance, that his hostess' neglect had driven him into the garden to muse like the melancholy Dane, and when the lank youth suggested "Romeo" as a better comparison, Carmoden felt he could strangle him. He went into the house and hammered out a skirt dance for Teddy Malcolm. Then Mrs. Le Grange's latest thing in poets volunteered to read a few of his latest verses. When the bridge tables were brought out and the men straggled back he seized upon Laurence Ainly and bore him to the veranda. Laurence, being a man of his own type, would understand. Ainly followed him to the end of the long veranda, wonderingly, and flung himself down on the cushioned wicker swing. He smoked and listened to Carmoden's blundering tale with well concealed amusement and no comments. Carmoden himself paced up and down as he talked and occasionally bit into the end of his unlighted cigar.

"Did you ever know of such an absurd thing?" he finished. "Here's that child gone to bed thinking that I proposed to her, and God knows what I'm to say to her to-morrow."

"What did you say to her to-night? That seems to be the main thing," queried Ainly.

Carmoden tossed his cigar over the rail. "Say?" he repeated. "I've told you what I said—what every fool says to a pretty woman in the moonlight. I suppose force of habit made me say it, that long-legged infant—the usual rot about a waste of life and a desire for better things—and the wish I dared not name, and then, as I told you, she turns about and said, 'So you

really want to marry me?' I have honestly no idea of what I said next. I felt as though I were coming out of an explosion or a cyclone, and before I had a chance to explain she fled."

"With the delusion?"

"Certainly. Don't laugh, you ass! What I want to know is, what I'm going to do about it?"

"Marry her," said Ainly. "Oh, Lord, you'd have to call Kitty 'Mother'!" His mirth broke as he turned a suddenly speculative eye on his friend. "I think she would swallow that all right, too, to get you in the family. You're a good match, Christopher, my child, son of all the Pilgrim fathers and inheritor of riches from afar."

"Oh, drop it," said Carmoden. "I've been a cad in this business, but I have no intention of leading a gawky, giggling schoolgirl to the altar."

"She doesn't giggle, at any rate," said Ainly. "She is the most serious person I've ever encountered. I don't believe she has any more sense of humor than a hanging judge."

"She's impossible, of course," said Carmoden, shortly, "but the thing has got to be put straight. I'll write her a note to-night. No—I'll go to her in the morning. No—I'll—what the dickens will I do, Ainly?"

His friend tumbled lazily out of the swing. "Have a drink," he said, with his hand on Carmoden's shoulder. "It's late, and you'll need all your strength for your interview with the future Mrs. Carmoden to-morrow."

He was awakened in the morning by the rain pelting through the muslin curtains of his open window. When he went down to breakfast it was still whipping up the gravel of the paths and dripping dismally from the trees. Mrs. Le Grange was the only one down before him. She was seated behind the coffee urn and turned a curious eye on his yellow morning countenance. She gave him a cup of coffee and invited him to sit beside her. He accepted both delights without enthusiasm, and expressed mild wonder at the cause of her early appearance—breakfast in the Le Grange household being a movable feast, where the hostess, as a rule, presided over the last move. For answer, Mrs. Le Grange, after a cautious glance about the room, precipitated a bomb-shell. "Christopher," said she, with a plump hand on his arm, "Cecilia has gone mad."

Carmoden stared at her, a prescience of disaster rising about his brain. "Quite mad," repeated Mrs. Le Grange. "And her delusion takes the uncomfortable form of coming into a person's bedroom before dawn and telling them that you proposed to her last night and that she accepted you. After she left me I think she went into Mrs. Blakely's room with the same tidings."

"What did she say?" Carmoden felt spineless as he spoke.

"Who, Cecilia? She simply announced the fact as calmly as though she were buying a pound of cheese. She is a strange being. I never understood her since she was born. She has always been so shy, so awkward, so gauche. This morning she patronized me—I give you my word, patronized—and when I started to laugh, well—because she made me so nervous, and the whole thing so absurd—you, Chris, of all men under heaven! She said, 'I think you will find that Mr. Carmoden will resent your attitude quite as much as I do,' and stalked out of the room like a duchess. I've been waiting here for an hour. Perhaps you can throw a little light on the subject."

Carmoden turned desperately to Cecilia's mother. There was a certain calculating look on her face under her assumed carelessness that maddened him. He felt

like shrieking the truth aloud. Great heavens! If Cecilia in her blindness had confided in Mrs. Blakely the news had gone about the house like wildfire. To tell Cecilia that she had made a fool of herself—or he had made one of her—was comparatively easy to assuring a household of the same thing. "Cecilia," he began flippantly, but with dry lips, "is quite right—I mean that last night in the garden. She—she certainly accepted me—but the fact is—"

He got no further. Mrs. Le Grange was beaming upon him. Before he could start another tangled sentence he felt himself clasped maternally, mentally and physically.

"I couldn't believe it. It seemed too good to be true," she exulted. "My dear boy—my dear Christopher and my own little girl!"

It was the first time that Mrs. Le Grange had ever gloried in her possession. She overdid the part amorously. "And to think," she added coquettishly, "that only last week I was flirting with you myself."

She held up a rebuking finger: "Ah, how you must have laughed at me, you and Cecilia." It was at this moment, as he stood frozen between disgust and remonstrance, that Mrs. Blakely entered. She was a vivid brunette, overcolored and overdressed and with eyes that sparkled even at this uncanny morning hour. The others hurtled behind. It was evident that Carmoden's affair had been discussed in the hall. He wished miserably that Mrs. Le Grange would drop his hand. It was the one idea he cherished before Mrs. Blakely was upon him.

"Oh, Christopher, Christopher!" she chanted. "To think it is really so and you are as unoriginal as the rest of your sex! Where in the world did you do your love-making and why didn't you take one of your own size?"

He put a clammy hand in the hands they proffered him and suffered their voluble congratulations and amazement in silence, and every moment that went by, he told himself, made his chains tighter. Why hadn't he told Mrs. Blakely a half hour before that she was mistaken? Why hadn't he shaken off Mrs. Le Grange's maternal embrace? Why hadn't he taken Cecilia's thin shoulders in his grasp and shouted the truth in her ears before she fled? It was his own fault. He realized it honestly for the first time, and he must be sportsman enough to accept the consequences.

He suddenly felt like a man again and not a trapped animal. Ainly's eyes caught his from the end of the table; they were bewildered and amused, but then every one was bewildered and amused. Mrs. Blakely was questioning Ainly for the edification of the others.

"And even you knew nothing of it? I thought you were Chris's confessor. I assure you, I never saw such a transformation in my life; she was like a princess emerging from cold storage when she told me of her engagement this morning. She was the most composed being I ever saw in my life. I am beginning to think she is cleverer than all of us put together. You know," she added frankly, "that we have all of us angled for him for years." She turned an introspective eye on Carmoden. "How in the world did Cecilia manage it, I wonder? She slipped her hand over Carmoden's arm as they left the dining-room. 'She'll reform you, Chris,' she whispered."

Through the rain-splashed window he presently saw Ainly clad all in rubber come from the house. Simultaneously a dog-cart emerged from the mist and Ainly cast himself therein and was whirled off. Carmoden cursed himself for forgetting that this was Ainly's day in town, and that he had let him escape without a word, a caution to keep his mouth shut.

He still retained his dignity; all being lost save that, the quality assumed valuable proportions. He would stand being thought erratic, uncomprehensible, unexplainable; he would not be made ridiculous. No one should ever know the truth concerning the consternation that had seized him in the garden. Two deadly hours in the library drove him back to his kind again. Mrs. Le Grange, the maternal side still uppermost, beamed upon him, and even Mrs. Blakely's flippancies faded and waned when, during luncheon, he was solicitous concerning Cecilia's headache.

In the afternoon he took advantage of a sickly ray of sunshine and went for a ride. It was a relief to be in the open, and he pounded about the muddy roads and took fences recklessly and came back besmeared and weary and barely in time to dress for dinner.

He ran down the stairs and came into the chatter and laughter of the drawing-room a bit breathless. He was the last man down. Ainly grinned at him over the cocktail he was drinking, and Mrs. Blakely drew aside her skirts and made room for him on the seat beside her. And then the portières at the door stirred, and he knew rather than saw or heard, that every one had stopped talking and was looking at him.

Half-way across the room his vision seemed to have played him false. This was certainly Cecilia who was watching his coming with a serene smile—but Cecilia, grown taller—for the reason (as no mere man might guess) that her hair was piled high on her head instead of being dragged back with the inevitable ribbon; Cecilia grown slender instead of lank—for the reason (which he also could not know) that she wore for the first time a gown which fitted her, and over which that day her maid, under Mrs. Le Grange's instructions, had toiled breathlessly.

He wondered if the spectators shared his amazement as he took her hand and murmured a hope that she was entirely recovered. Her hand, he noticed, was icy, but two points of flame burned in her cheeks and her eyes (wonder of wonders!) gave his glance back steadily.

"I am quite well, thank you," said Cecilia deliberately, and then he was pushed aside and Cecilia was the centre of a congratulatory and hand-shaking circle.

Carmoden was dazed as Cinderella's step-sisters might have been when she stepped into the ballroom with all her fairy panoply. With his own eyes he had seen Cecilia accept the congratulations of the throng, with dignity—almost with condescension; with his own

ears he heard her, at this moment, parry a compliment gracefully. With his own eyes he watched her transformed personality, and he expected any moment to have his man wake him by tapping on his bedroom door and telling him his bath was ready.

He found himself beside her in the drawing-room presently. It was the first time during the evening he had had a word with her alone, and he yearned to question her, but she began the conversation abruptly. "I saw you starting for a ride this afternoon. Did you enjoy it? I envied you—but you must have gotten frightfully muddled."

"It was a long day," he began reproachfully. "It was cruel to have left me alone so long—Cecilia." He added the name in order to reassure himself that it was really Cecilia to whom he was talking.

For answer the girl put out her hand and drew Mrs. Blakely, on her way by them, into the conversation.

"Do you hear, Mrs. Blakely?" she said. "Mr. Carmoden is accusing me of being cruel to him." And then she had smiled into their bewildered faces and drifted away from them.

When Carmoden went to his room that night it occurred to him that Cecilia had been perpetually drifting away that evening, not only from his society, but from personalities. Her methods, he noticed during the next three days, were crude but effective—they consisted in dragging in the casual passerby and persistently avoiding a *l'été-a-l'été*—although she smiled upon him steadily and never for a moment dropped the new personality that seemed so indefinitely removed from her old self. It seemed impossible for Carmoden to ever find her alone. She refused to drive and the garden had, apparently, no charms for her. She kept to her room most of the day and only appeared in time to join the rest for dinner.

He told himself at the week's end that he would find why Cecilia referred so constantly to their engagement in public and yet fled from him when he showed an inclination to discuss it in private. Dragged to the altar as he undoubtedly was with ropes that tightened at every pull, he would yet have something to say concerning the way the knots were tied. A child, he told himself, was making him ridiculous in his own eyes, and had already set this small part of his world tittering and wondering at him, and he was miserable to the core.

In five days he had chewed the cud of bitter reflections alone, and he was unfeignedly glad on the evening of the sixth to have Ainly lounge into his dressing-room between the dressing and dinner gong. He offered him a cigarette and a chair, and went on with his own dressing.

"Going to town to-morrow with the rest of us?" inquired Ainly.

"Yes," said Carmoden.

"Mrs. Le Grange comes up for good the week after, doesn't she?" continued Ainly. "I suppose you'll be running down, though, before that."

"May I ask why you suppose?" said Carmoden.

His friend refused to take up the gauntlet; instead he surveyed Carmoden with sympathetic friendliness.

"Oh, drop it, old chap," he said. "For the matter of that, there's every reason why you should be down



"Wait! I want to tell you something!"

here. No matter how you got into this affair, you're into it now heels and crop. Chris, I've been wondering—he laid a heavy hand on his friend's shoulder—if you're not well; if you're not forgetting to be altogether sorry it happened."

Carmoden shook off the hand and glared at him; then he laughed hopelessly. "It's my fault, of course—you needn't rub that in—but how under heaven could I—" "Cecilia," began Ainly. It was in his mind to expatiate on the change in Cecilia, to be vaguely com-

plimentary to remind Carmoden of the metamorphosis of his affianced, but Christopher wheeled upon him at the word.

"Oh, let her alone, can't you," he fumed. "It's not altogether her fault. I'm tired of hearing you abuse her. She's an ignorant child. It's all said in that."

"Well, educate her then," said Ainly, unmoved. "Go to her privately and tell her the whole thing. What prevented you from it in the beginning?"

It was impossible to acknowledge that Cecilia herself had prevented him, true as the fact was. The helpless victim of circumstances preserved a stony silence.

"We'd better go down," he said presently, "it's late."

Cecilia met them at the foot of the stairs and they went into the dining-room together. Cecilia, as usual, when a third person was present, talked to that person. Carmoden noticed that her eyes were unusually bright and her laugh frequent. There was a knot of red in her dark hair and a sash of the same color about her waist.

Mrs. Blakely went into the dining-room with him and promptly took him into her confidence.

"I am an old friend of yours, Christopher," she said, "and not wanting to see you turn into an imbecile or give way to hysteria. I want to tell you that there is a very bad time before you. As this is our last night together Mr. Lloyd has thoughtfully written a betrothal poem to you and Cecilia, and he is going to read it immediately after dinner. And then," she continued with a joyous eye on his suffering, "Teddy is to make a few congratulatory remarks, and then, my dear Christopher, you are to take the floor and reply. It is a nice program, isn't it? We arranged it this morning while you were in the billiard-room."

"Does Cecilia know?" he asked, with a dry throat.

"She was charmed with the idea, really charmed," said Mrs. Blakely. "I thought she would shriek and run. It seems to me any well-balanced young woman would—but there's no counting on Cecilia nowadays. Look at her now and compare her with that serious-minded scarecrow—I beg your pardon, Christopher, but it's true—that she was a month ago. I couldn't be more surprised if she had suddenly turned into the bearded lady. You're a magician, Christopher."

"I?" he answered dully, with little idea of what she was saying. "Oh, nonsense; nothing of the sort."

He looked across the table to Cecilia. She was eating nothing, he noticed, but the butler refilled her wineglass as he looked. She was talking rapidly to Ainly with a nervous dash of words. The thought of the speech he was expected to make turned him cold, and he put it resolutely from his mind.

The inevitable hour was upon him ere he knew. The coffee and cigarettes were put upon the table and the servants were sent away. Mrs. Le Grange turned expectantly to Mr. Lloyd, and the conversation about the room dwindled to silence.

The scene to Carmoden's nervous imagination suggested a court-room. He realized what a man's sensations might be in the prisoner's dock, and to prove to himself how perfectly at ease he was, he lighted a cigarette with a match that trembled in his fingers. He threw a glance above it at Cecilia's face and felt a sudden, amazed admiration stir within him. Cecilia was listening to Lloyd with the polite smile of complete composure.

It would have occurred to the casual observer that of all the people present she and the poet were the most unconcerned. The epithalamium ended with the crescendo sound of wedding bells, and Mrs. Le Grange showed a strong inclination to weep. The fact drove Carmoden desperately to furious applause.

He wondered as Malcolm's compliments dribbled on what emotions Cecilia might be concealing beneath that unvarying smile of hers. Malcolm sat down amid universal applause, and Mrs. Blakely leaned toward Carmoden.

"Your turn, Christopher," she whispered; "up and at them."

He ignored her flippancy. His answer had been composed during Malcolm's inanities. It was to be calm, dignified, and graceful, a final acceptance of his position—that would close once and forever in his own mind the possibilities of any escape. It was with an unacknowledged appreciation of his sportsmanship that he flicked the ash from his cigarette and prepared to rise.

Cecilia forestalled him. She rose from her chair and stood before his amazed eyes before his lips had time to open. "If you will let me," she said, "I would like to answer in Mr. Carmoden's place. I am sure that under the circumstances he will not mind."

Her voice had trembled with her first words, but she seemed to force it fiercely under control as she might wind the reins about her wrists and subdue an unruly horse. Carmoden noticed that her hands were clenched so tightly that the knuckles showed white through the skin. The people about the table were giving her their undivided attention; their expressions fluctuated between amusement and amazement, with the exception of Mrs. Blakely, who was all amusement, and the unaccountable Cecilia's mother, who was pure amazement.

"I am sure he will not mind," repeated Cecilia, "because I am the only one able to tell you that you have all this week labored under a misapprehension. I am not going to marry Mr. Carmoden. There is no engagement between us and never has been."

Mrs. Le Grange gasped audibly. The sound fell like an agonized, disregarded question. Cecilia went on evenly. It was apparent that her speech was anything but impromptu. She spoke her lines as fluently as she might have read them. Carmoden, staring straight before him with an emotionless face, felt each word flay him like a white-hot lash. "You were all amazed, naturally. It was ridiculous to believe that Mr. Carmoden wanted to marry a giggling schoolgirl, with no more sense of humor than a hanging judge," she quoted deliberately. Ainly's face suddenly flamed into a fine crimson. "You did him an injustice. He didn't. He merely flirted with me one evening in

(Continued on page 22)

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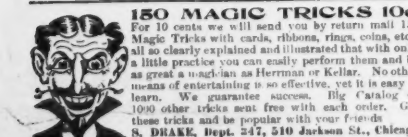


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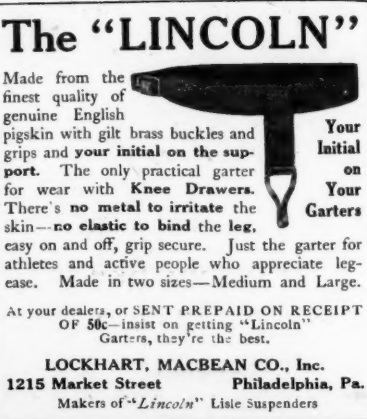
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CECILIA

(Continued from page 20)

the garden because he is accustomed to flirt, and force of habit made him say, even to a long-legged infant, what every man says to a pretty woman in the moonlight. I misunderstood him. It was my fault entirely, but at school we had a foolish way of speaking the truth. My haste was fairly indiscreet, and he hadn't a chance to explain that he was simply making a fool of me. He was good enough, though, to bring Mr. Ainly to the veranda outside the library window and explain it to him. He was, of course, very miserable, because he was afraid of being laughed at. Naturally, he was very angry with me, because I might possibly make him—ridiculous. It never occurred to him that it might be worse to humiliate a woman until she wanted to crawl away and die like an animal, than to make himself a little ridiculous." Cecilia's voice rose; the scorn in its tone heightened to triumph. Carmoden's eyes, as they stared at her, seemed suddenly to light with a fire caught from her own.

He forgot to be even thankful that his friends ostentatiously avoided looking his way. He seemed to rise above the mingled emotion of the spectators to a plane where he and Cecilia stood alone and fought their battle grandly—primeval man and woman stripped of conventionalities and challenging each other with naked tongues. It was to him alone Cecilia spoke. The others might have been so many staring-eyed portraits. "I didn't crawl away and die. I wanted to at first—that would have been the proper thing for a giggling fool to do. Instead, I think that something died in me. I forgot that I was a fool and afraid, and that you all laughed at me. I forgot everything but one thing, and that was that he, that Mr. Carmoden should be made to feel as humiliated and miserable and grotesque as he had made me feel. I wanted to see him suffer as he made me suffer that half-hour in the library. I wanted to see him shamed—laughed at—as he had shamed and laughed at me, and then—I didn't care what happened. I forgot myself. I only remembered him, and I have done it. It may have destroyed any amount of self-respect and pride left in me, but I have done it. What do you think he has endured this week? You have all laughed at him, you have all ridiculed him, and he was too much of a coward to tell the truth—because," she mocked into Carmoden's steady eyes, "he was afraid of making himself—ridiculous. What do you think he, too, endured to-night while you were all congratulating and laughing at him in your hearts? He has been burning to tell you the truth, but it would have made him—ridiculous. It is the reason I counted on that would keep him still."

"No. By the Lord, no!" said Carmoden to himself, and he seemed to shout it to Cecilia across that mountain height where they stood together.

"It is the one reason that has made him keep silent all the while," she exulted. "He is so afraid of his dignity. And how you have laughed at him! How you are laughing at him now! How you will laugh at him—"

She stopped short, as a fire burnt out from very fierceness. There was an absolute silence about the table—less awkward than awed. For the moment Cecilia had dominated them as a hypnotist might hold his subjects in utter subjection. She pushed back her chair and walked to the glass door that gave out to the garden. Carmoden, of all the men present, rose with her. Their eyes were level as he held the door open for her. "You will understand," she addressed her audience over his very shoulder, "that you misjudged Mr. Carmoden. That there has never been any engagement between him and myself."

Mrs. Le Grange, without warning, did what was, perhaps, the wisest act of her life—she destroyed the moment's awful embarrassment by going into hysterics of the most violent and uncompromising variety. Her first shriek startled her guests into merciful confusion and excitement. She was led from the room amid a fluttering crowd of women. The men, with the exception of Ainly, eager for any excuse to avoid Carmoden's eyes for the moment, straggled after them with the obvious pretension of being of service, and the alacrity of those who escape from a personal and unpleasant quarter of an hour.

Mrs. Blakely so far recovered herself as to turn at the door and send an appreciative wink and grimace at Carmoden over Mrs. Le Grange's disheveled coiffure, but Carmoden, still standing at the open door, seemed as unresponsive as he had been to Mrs. Le Grange's hysteria. His head was held high, and the flame that had been Cecilia's still burned in his eyes. Ainly, crimson with embarrassment, blundered up to him.

"I say, old chap," he choked, "I'm deucedly sorry. It's terrible awkward. I—"

Carmoden wheeled upon him. "Sorry!" he exulted. "Great heavens, she's wonderful! She's glorious! I didn't know there was a woman like her in the world. She's magnificent, and I called myself a sportsman! I—"

He gripped Ainly by the shoulders and shook him in his enthusiasm.

"By the Lord, Ainly," he said, "I'll marry that girl, if I have to drag her to the altar by force."

As Ainly gasped at him, Carmoden laughed. He pushed Ainly aside, and, without a backward look, went through the door and out into the garden that held Cecilia.

THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD

(Continued from page 14)

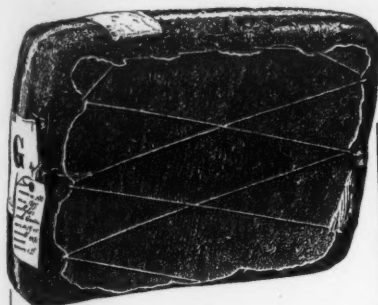
"United States Health Reports" belongs to this same category. It, of course, is a fake imitation of the "United States Public Health Reports," published by the United States Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, which would very much like to lay hands upon the proprietors of the scheme. They sell "official commendations" to beer, patent foods, quack medicines, or anything else that will buy.

Just how to list certain medical journals, which profess to uphold the standards of the medical profession, and yet more or less openly defend mendaciously advertised nostrums, is difficult to determine; they seem entitled to a niche somewhere in the Quack Hall of Fame. Certainly such a publication as the St. Louis "Medical and Surgical Journal," which is run openly as a defender of patent medicines, performing the unsavory work of the Proprietary Association with the Proprietary Association's approved methods of falsehood and fraud, leaves no doubt as to its nature. No intelligent man defends quackery under a misapprehension, and when A. H. Ohmann-Dumesnil, A.M., M.D., acting under the order of the Anti-Kammia fraud factory deliberately prostitutes his editorial pages to the purposes of the nostrum trader, he becomes, at the best, an accomplice of quackery. For his wages, see his advertising columns. The owners of the "Western Druggist," a Proprietary Association organ, also control the "Medical Standard," which, less openly, is a nostrum-defending publication under the pretense of an ethical attitude. To the medical profession the handling of such journals as these may safely be left: the deception has already worn transparently thin.

Medical directories can be so conducted as to take a profit of quackery. Galen, Gonsier & Company go about getting doctors to subscribe to State registers. They have left a sore crowd of regulars in Ohio, for, after listing all the respectable members of the profession, they included in their list of "Cincinnati Specialists" all the notorious quacks in the city, and sold their advertising pages to "Cancer Cure" Curry and "Dr." Annie Florein, whose hospital is most widely, if not most favorably, known as an abortion resort. "Dr." Annie has been at least once convicted for illegal practise. The Suffolk Hospital and Dispensary of Boston has already been mentioned as living largely from the sale of donated patent medicines, for which it pays in testimonials. St. Luke's Hospital, at Niles, Michigan, has an equally ingenious scheme; it sells diplomas to quack doctors. Most of those whom I have visited have its parchment framed upon their walls, notwithstanding that the institution has passed out of existence, its two founders being at present fugitives from justice.

I had thought to have finished with Peruna in the patent medicine series, but

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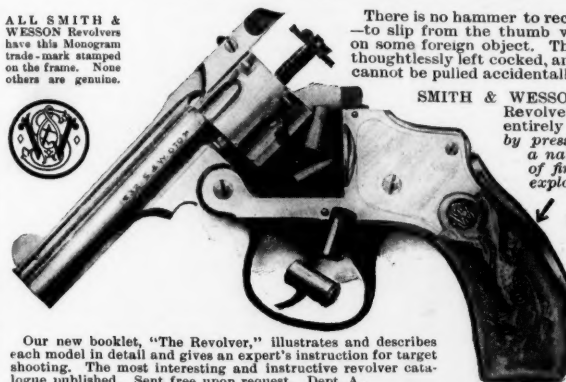
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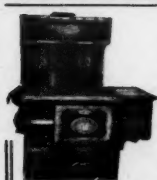
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THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD

(Continued from page 22)

as the Peruna Company labors under the delusion that it has been harshly treated, and floods me with correspondence, claiming that its testimonials will bear the severest scrutiny, I revert to them long enough to show their support by a quack doctor who apparently makes a business of selling endorsements. Several months ago, a picture of one, Dr. Patrick F. Maley, in the attitude of making an affidavit endorsing the "wonderful remedy," Peruna, appeared conspicuously in the papers. The accompanying matter recited Dr. Maley's record; graduate of a regular medical college, army and navy surgeon, ex-Alderman of Cincinnati, ex-Coroner of Hamilton County, and ex-Pension Examiner. (And, by the way, if the Pension Bureau will go over its list of examiners, it will, I believe, find opportunities to improve its personnel by a little judicious "muck-raking.") What the Peruna Company did not state was that their eminent medical endorser is an ex-convict, having served a year in the Dayton jail for embezzling a pension fund from a helpless old soldier. The evidence was readily available had any effort been made to investigate Dr. Maley's record. Dragging forth an old crime into the light of day to blight an ex-convict's career, is a measure which I should not employ but for the fact that Dr. Maley is to-day in an enterprise as fraudulent, if not as criminal, as thievery, the selling of testimonials to patent medicine companies, for not in the Peruna list alone do I find his name. He endorses Juniper Tar and other fakes. I can not prove that the Peruna Company paid him for his picture and affidavit; but will any one, knowing his past record and his present occupation of providing this kind of matter, believe that he presented this valuable evidence to Dr. Hartman's "booze," free? Quite a number of physicians eke out their incomes by this disgraceful method. Most of them are themselves quack practitioners, or ignorant backwoods graduates of some medical night school; a few are abortionists.

How shall the public protect itself against quackery? A few very simple rules, while not all-embracing, will pretty thoroughly cover the field. Any physician who advertises a positive cure for any disease, who issues nostrum testimonials, who sells his services to a secret remedy, or who diagnoses and treats by mail patients whom he has never seen, is a quack. Any institution which publishes other than in a medical journal, testimonials or endorsements, is a quack institution. Any publication, medical or otherwise, which editorially or otherwise endorses secret or dishonest remedies or methods of cure, is a quack publication. Shut your eyes to the medical columns of the newspapers, and you will save yourself many forebodings and symptoms. Printer's ink, when it spells out a doctor's promise to cure, is one of the subtlest and most dangerous of poisons.

TRUST MEN GO TO JAIL

(Continued from page 15)

trick. He is no orator. The only speeches he makes are those in which he has something to say, and he always says it. He is not given to what Henry James calls the habit of self-reference. Eight years ago he was elected judge of the police court, as a Democrat, and there by his rigor made a record. Every time he ran he was reelected, for the people liked him and believed in him. Once he fined Golden Rule Jones for contempt of court. Golden Rule Jones had gone into police court, as was his habit, to plead for some poor devil, and there said something that Wachenheimer thought a reflection on the dignity of his court. So he fined Golden Rule Jones, and Jones, drawing out his check-book, promptly, not to say gratefully, paid the fine, taking occasion to remark that thereby he proved his point, which was that a fine is no embarrassment to the man who lives out of a check-book. Wachenheimer remembered what Jones said that day, and thought of it when he was prosecuting the Ice Trust, and was ready to remind the court of the fact.

At the next election, with Jones running independently and Wachenheimer running again as a Democrat, Jones openly supported Wachenheimer because, he said, Wachenheimer was honest and lived up to his ideals. Both were elected by heavy majorities and apparently by the same votes, though Wachenheimer was severe with criminals and Jones lenient with them. The practical politicians could not explain it and shook their heads. Of course, the practical politicians are unable to understand many things, perhaps because they are so very impractical. The fact is, doubtless, that the people elected both men because they knew both men were square, could not be bullied, or bribed, or frightened, because no one had any pull with them, and because they were not only honest, but had the intelligence that is necessary in these complicated days to detect dishonesty in all the various disguises it assumes.

Last fall there was an independent movement in Toledo. The people, taught by Jones that they could have one official to represent them, decided to have all their officials represent them. They had learned the great democratic art of scratching the ballot; they no longer needed a boss to govern them; they could run their own local affairs without reference to the tariff or the money question; they could themselves nominate and elect public officials who would represent them instead of the interests which were always exploiting them, public officials who would regard their offices as responsibilities instead of privileges. So they nominated Wachenheimer, with other candidates, by free petition, and elected them against the candidates of the machine. Wachenheimer alone would be enough to justify the independent movement begun by Jones. He has demonstrated that the method is successful and that the people, after all, may be represented in their own government. He proves again that partizanship is a superstition, helpful only to machines and the exploiting interests they invariably represent. Prosecutors nominated by machines do not prosecute trust magnates, because the trusts, and the interests affiliated with them, that is, the System, run the machine and pay the machines, one way and another, for running the Government in their interests instead of the people's interest.

Wachenheimer brought suit in *quo warranto* against the Standard Oil Company; he indicted the Bridge Trust; and then when the Ice Trust raised the price of ice, and the people became alarmed, he indicted it, and now he has convicted it. The reason Wachenheimer could do all these things was because he owed his nomination to no machine and hence is responsible to no machine; he was nominated by no party and is responsible to no party; he was nominated by the people, without regard to party affiliations or theories or battle-cries or so-called "issues," and hence is responsible to no one but the people. He is a free man, free, indeed, to do as he pleases, and he pleases to do right. Many machine men, no doubt, wish to do right, but can not because their owners don't want them to. Wachenheimer being free, and having a strong personality, is at liberty to express that personality in his office, to live up to his own ideals, and, hence, to realize himself. This is the first reason the ice men were convicted.

Now for another personality. Reynolds R. Kinkade is a Republican, but an opponent of the machine. He is a man of striking appearance—iron-gray hair and beard, with intensely keen, searching blue eyes. He is a wit, and when he was elected to the bench some of the serious expressed themselves as fearful of the effect of this wit on what is known in certain circles as the "judicial dignity." Nothing, for instance, has been outwardly more impressive than the profound dignity with which courts for decades have been declaring unconstitutional this or that effort of the people to make the rich get down off their backs. They feared that Kinkade would not be able to restrain his impulse to say funny things from the bench, and, on many occasions, happily, he has not been able to restrain this

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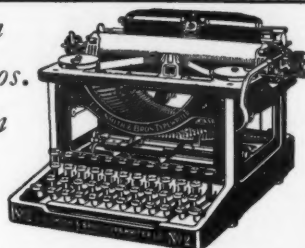
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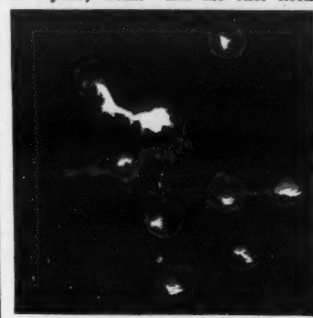


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TRUST MEN GO TO JAIL

(Continued from page 24)

impulse. The other morning, however, in sentencing the ice men he said nothing witty, at least when he got to that reserved climax of his remarks in which the sentence of the court is allowed to unfold itself. There is no affected dignity in Judge Kinkade's court, but there is real dignity; he has shortened the formula by which the bailiff announces the opening and the closing of court; but he is one of the best trial judges in Ohio. Being responsible to no machine, Kinkade is free, like Wachenheimer, to represent the people and express his own individuality.

Because of these two free, independent personalities, therefore, the trust found itself without that double or even triple representation the exploiters have so long expected to find when haled into court—that is, they have wished to be represented not only by their own lawyers, but by the State's lawyers and then by the court itself.

There was, of course, another important factor—public opinion—and this opinion had been enlightened by an independent press. Toledo has a newspaper, the "News-Bee," edited by Negley D. Cochran, which is the organ of no party and is controlled by no machine. Like Wachenheimer and Kinkade, it does not, as do so many newspapers, represent the exploiting class. It was the "News-Bee" that exposed the Ice Trust, and, after its reporters had cleverly disclosed the combination to raise prices, engaged an expert to visit the ice fields and get the facts because the Ice Trust had claimed that there was an ice famine last winter, which, to one accustomed to the winters of the Lake region, was as if Arabs were to claim a sand famine in Sahara. At the same time "The Press," another independent newspaper, edited by Hiram P. Crouse, printed the facts. Now the public knew what was going on, and, fearing that the trust might execute its purpose of doubling the price of ice, began to express itself with that freedom which has latterly become characteristic of the Toledo people since Samuel M. Jones showed them how to do it. Wachenheimer called the newspaper reporters before the Grand Jury, indicted the members of the Ice Trust, and then convicted them. As Walt Whitman, the poet and prophet of Democracy, says: "Produce great persons, the rest follows."

The conviction of the ice barons, as the reporters like to call them, shows what an independent people, with an independent press and independent officials, can do if they want to. To be sure, the evils of the trust are not to be cured by the criminal statute, but the average man, intensely human, feels that this instance seems somehow to dress the balance, though these five men are but small dust compared to all the poor and miserable and forgotten outcasts for whom the criminal courts were intended.

Of course, the trust is not through fighting. There are always the higher courts to go to, and the trust declares that it is going to have what Wachenheimer and Kinkade have done declared unconstitutional. But it is enlightening, this little incident, this detail in the long evolution of a better time and a more just order. It is significant because it shows that the first step toward the solution of our problems is to give personality play, to put men in office who represent the people instead of the System. A free people with a free press and free officials will some day find the way out.

LAW AND FRIENDSHIP

By O. R. WASHBURN

MAN has a natural right to the ownership of the affections and loves bestowed upon him. The State has the power to limit, tax, and define property rights, and it recognizes man's property in his loves and home enjoyments as well as in his material interests. It is not legal to alienate the affections of a wife or husband, for these are recognized as part of man's most valuable possessions. It is evident that the ownership by American citizens of the affections and support of relatives in Russia is as valuable and as legal as the ownership of cargoes, bales of merchandise, ships, or real estate belonging to these citizens and now in the Czar's territory. Should the officials of the Empire destroy a trading steamer belonging to any of our countrymen, there would at once be most emphatic protest from Washington, and, if such conduct were persisted in, there would be diplomatic warnings, perhaps even war. Yet the massacres of the Jews are in defiance of the laws of both Russia and the United States, as clearly as would be the seizure, without legal warrant, of a ship or a factory. By the laws of both nations, too, the right of citizens to the enjoyment of the counsel and love of near relatives is protected and recognized in practical ways. Under the circumstances it would seem that the authorities of our National Administration might proclaim a new doctrine, as far-reaching and as logical as was that of Monroe; that the killing of relatives of American citizens, thus causing them the loss of that which our people prize more than all property or life itself, is, if done in defiance of the laws of our country and of the country where such acts are committed, an act unfriendly to the people of the United States, and must be followed by the same redress, apology, and guarantees against a continuance of such offenses, as are customary when other possessions of American citizens are attacked. Such an announcement from Washington would be a recognition of the consciousness that the real interest of humanity, the thing most to be protected, and for which all governments are primarily founded, is the happiness of the people, not their material wealth. Oriental nations have long recognized, in theory at least, this interpretation of the duty of those in power, and such a statement, backed by moderate but firm action, would not only relieve the Jews of our land from some of their sufferings on account of foreign oppressions, but would establish a distinct advance in modern civilization and make America respected by all races, as the champion of the oppressed. Our sphere of action would, of course, be limited to those cases where our citizens were aggrieved by the murder of relatives, but the claim that the Czar might with equal force ask that lynchings in this country should cease, would not hold. In the one instance our citizens are injured by Russian oppression, but in the other Russia has no ground to say that her people are deprived of family affection by the loss of negro murderers in the South. There are no precedents for such a declaration as the United States now has an opportunity to make, but the unprecedented things are those which count most in the progress of the world, and America has, from its earliest history, been noted for its strength in making and maintaining new ideals.

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